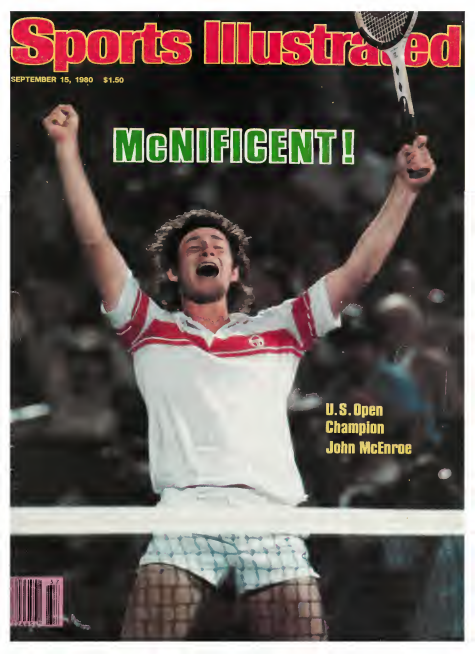


Sports Illustrated

A full-page photograph of tennis player John McEnroe celebrating a victory. He is shown from the waist up, with his arms raised in triumph, holding a tennis racket in his left hand. He is wearing a white polo shirt with red stripes on the sleeves and collar, and light-colored patterned shorts. His mouth is open in a shout, and his eyes are closed. The background is a blurred crowd of spectators.

SEPTEMBER 15, 1980 \$1.50

McNIFICENT!

**U.S. Open
Champion
John McEnroe**



**Nobody
does it
better...**

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

Nobody does it better.

Winston

A close-up, low-angle shot of a man wearing a green hard hat. He is looking upwards and to the right, with a cigarette in his mouth. The background is a rough, textured wall, possibly made of stone or concrete. The lighting is dramatic, highlighting the contours of his face and the texture of the wall.

on

This is your world.
This is your Winston.
Taste it all.

LIGHTS 13 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine, KING, 16 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette by FTC method.





What's so unusually fair and fascinating about The Seagram's Seven Crowns of Sports Award? Everything.

The Seagram's Seven Crowns of Sports Award is dramatically different from other sports awards. It's not simply a matter of high scores. And it's not a popularity contest. In fact, there aren't even any judges!

So how does it work?

First, a panel of sports experts help to identify the critical aspects of play for each of seven great spectator sports. Aspects such as consistency, Performance under pressure, Playing time, Position responsibilities, Offensive and defensive effectiveness. Then, these and many other variables are assigned Perfor-

mance Standard Points by mathematicians at an impartial sports bureau. Finally, a computer converts these points into an overall Productivity Efficiency Rating for each athlete.

The result? A system that allows for a uniquely fair and objective comparison of athletes. At last, we can compare a relief pitcher to a starter. A quarterback to an end. A rookie to a star.

In fact, the Seagram's 7 judging method is the most accurate system ever devised to measure overall athletic performance. And one that's

so fair that coaches, owners, player associations and the press all agree that it's fast becoming one of the most valued and respected awards in pro sports.

So when an athlete wins, he or she is especially honored, knowing that The Seagram's Seven Crowns of Sports Award is one of the hardest to win.

To learn more about how this fascinating award is computed for baseball, football, basketball, hockey, tennis, golf and horseracing, write: Seagram's Seven Crown, 375 Park Avenue, NY, NY 10152.

The Seagram's Seven Crowns of Sports Award

WATERPROOF HIKER.

This Golden Retriever hiker gives you all the comfort, durability and styling you'll ever need. They're waterproof and insulated, with genuine Vibram® slip-resistant outsole and heels. So stop worrying about whether your old boots are tough enough to take it. Step up to Golden Retriever and see how comfortable a trail boot can be!

Write for the name of your nearest dealer

Walker Shoe Company

987 Asheboro, NC 27203



Lookout Chatter In Style Adventure Couples

PEOPLE's weekly departments read like a who's who of what's happening. You don't miss a trick, a treat, a face, a place. And if you think the writing's lively, wait 'til you see the pictures.

Pick up your week.
Pick up a People today

People
weekly

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



COLES PHINIZY BETWEEN DISASTERS

Senior Writer Coles Phinizy has been in another plane crash since we last wrote about him, and he walked away unscathed. So what else is new? The plane crash was his fourth; put it on the list with the time Phinizy was attacked by a red kangaroo in Australia and his 4,200-foot fall in a deflating balloon in New Jersey.

But to depict Phinizy's life as the sum of his mishaps is unfair; even he spends most of his time out of trouble. In Newport, R.I., for example, where he has spent all summer covering the America's Cup preliminaries—his story on the selection of this year's challenger and defender begins on page 24—almost nothing has happened to him. "I spend the vast majority of my time starting at boats that aren't doing very much," says Phinizy, who will cover his third Cup defense later this month. Such curmudgeonly asides aside, the summer has not been without its pleasures for Phinizy, whose great passion is being in and around water.

He got a late start on his element, though. As a boy in Augusta, Ga., the only water he knew of was in a few small creeks and ponds. There wasn't much of it, and it was reddish-brown. In school, when asked to color water he selected a brown crayon and was amazed when the teacher said, "No, no, water is blue." At 9 he built a raft but never got it the few miles from his home

to the Savannah River, and as for fishing, a carpenter used to cut crude fish for him from wood, and young Coles would drag them in the dry gutter beside his driveway. Then, when Coles was 11, the Phinizys moved to the New Jersey shore, where his bedroom window was 120 feet from the surf at high tide and his pillow often damp with sea spray.

Though he was a lifeguard at 17 and at 18 rode a motorcycle inside a barrel at county fairs, he had no accidents until he broke his cheekbone playing football at Harvard. And it was not until he came to *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* and the balloon let him down in 1954 that he really hit his stride. Suddenly, wherever Phinizy went, things burned up, fell down or exploded.

Last week, in Newport, sail O.K. as we went to press, Phinizy reminisced about his first sailing experience. As a sophomore at Harvard, he found himself aboard the 40-foot sloop of a wealthy classmate, and in the evening as they headed into Marblehead Harbor, he sniffed the air and announced, "I smell porpoises." "There are no porpoises around here," someone scoffed, whereupon three of them broke water off the starboard bow.

"That's when I first realized that there's something deadly serious and one-dimensional about ocean racing that I don't like, and I see it here in Newport," Phinizy says. "These people have lost the ability to enjoy the sea, if they ever had it. They've got what I call racing blinders. If a purple gull landed on one of their heads, they wouldn't even notice it."

Of course, Phinizy himself gets pretty serious at Newport: even the New York Yacht Club, which runs the Cup races, has referred to his voluminous reportage, he records every tack of every boat in every race. Nevertheless, he would notice if a purple gull landed on his head. And Phinizy being Phinizy, one just might

Philip D. Hurd

**ALL THE ACTION
OF FOOTBALL '80
FOR LESS THAN
HALF THE
COVER PRICE!**

50% SAVINGS!

Follow the season with **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**

You can pay the \$1.50 cover price. Or you can save more than 50% and get every great issue of the season right here for just 69¢! That's our low basic subscription rate, and with it you get to choose as many issues as you like—as few as 30 or as many as 100.

Send me: ☐ 30 ☐ 40 ☐ 52 ☐ 60 ☐ 100 issues* of SI at the basic subscription price of 69¢ an issue (less than HALF the cover price!)

☐ Payment enclosed

☐ Bill me later

\$ 43192

My / Ms

Name

(please print)

Address

Apt. No.

City

State / Province

Zip / Post Code

*Choose the number of issues you prefer. Where no term is indicated, the minimum will be sent. SI is published weekly except for two issues combined in one at year-end and occasional special issues. This rate includes postage and is good only in the U.S. and Canada.

50% SAVINGS!

Follow the season with
SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

You can pay the \$1.50 cover price. Or you can save more than 50% and get every great issue of the season right here for just 69¢! That's our low basic subscription rate, and with it you get to choose as many issues as you like—as few as 30 or as many as 100.

Send me: ☐ 30 ☐ 40 ☐ 52 ☐ 60 ☐ 100 issues* of SI at the basic subscription price of 69¢ an issue (less than HALF the cover price!)

☐ Payment enclosed

☐ Bill me later

\$ 43192

My / Ms

Name

(please print)

Address

Apt. No.

City

State / Province

Zip / Post Code

*Choose the number of issues you prefer. Where no term is indicated, the minimum will be sent. SI is published weekly except for two issues combined in one at year-end and occasional special issues. This rate includes postage and is good only in the U.S. and Canada.

50% SAVINGS!

Follow the season with
SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

You can pay the \$1.50 cover price. Or you can save more than 50% and get every great issue of the season right here for just 69¢! That's our low basic subscription rate, and with it you get to choose as many issues as you like—as few as 30 or as many as 100.

Send me: ☐ 30 ☐ 40 ☐ 52 ☐ 60 ☐ 100 issues* of SI at the basic subscription price of 69¢ an issue (less than HALF the cover price!)

☐ Payment enclosed

☐ Bill me later

\$ 43192

My / Ms

Name

(please print)

Address

Apt. No.

City

State / Province

Zip / Post Code

*Choose the number of issues you prefer. Where no term is indicated, the minimum will be sent. SI is published weekly except for two issues combined in one at year-end and occasional special issues. This rate includes postage and is good only in the U.S. and Canada.



NO POSTAGE
NECESSARY
IF MAILED
IN THE
UNITED STATES

BUSINESS REPLY CARD
FIRST CLASS PERMIT NO. 22, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY ADDRESSEE

Sports Illustrated

541 NORTH FAIRBANKS COURT
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611



NO POSTAGE
NECESSARY
IF MAILED
IN THE
UNITED STATES

BUSINESS REPLY CARD
FIRST CLASS PERMIT NO. 22, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY ADDRESSEE

Sports Illustrated

541 NORTH FAIRBANKS COURT
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611



NO POSTAGE
NECESSARY
IF MAILED
IN THE
UNITED STATES

BUSINESS REPLY CARD
FIRST CLASS PERMIT NO. 22, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY ADDRESSEE

Sports Illustrated

541 NORTH FAIRBANKS COURT
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611

THE ACTION OF FOOTBALL '80... GET IT HERE AT LESS THAN HALF THE COVER PRICE!

Nobody—but nobody—can bring home the photos, the fun, the frenzy of America's #1 pastime... FOOTBALL '80... like SPORTS ILLUSTRATED! And now you can get it all... the locker-room low-down, the razor-sharp passes, the sheer punch and beauty of the game—all at half price!

And grab enough football and you'll get the best of the rest of sport—basketball and baseball, hockey and the Derby, Indy and the Series—all of it, inside and out, with SI color and SI style.



NAME YOUR GAME. WE'LL NAME YOUR SHOE.

When your game is basketball with its fast starts, stops, jumps and pivots, it can play havoc with your feet if you're wearing the wrong shoes.

So before we sell you basketball shoes — or shoes for any sport — there are some things we'd like to know first. How hard do you play? How often? On what surfaces? Any special physical problems? Because believe it or not, the answers to these questions can make a big difference in how well you play.

We're The Athlete's Foot[®] the stores that specialize in footwear for just about any sport you can name. And we train our sales staff to help you pick a shoe that's right for you.

First of all, we sell only shoes from top manufacturers. Our people are fully acquainted with the characteristics of each make and model. We know that the materials used, the uppers, the sole and the last, can make a big difference in comfort and performance.

so we'll see that you get the right shoe with the right support and the right fit to keep you in the action and off the bench.

Then, when you get back on the floor or field or track, you'll see why the slogan fits: Nobody knows the athlete's foot like The Athlete's Foot.

If you play the field, try the Fielder's Choice by Converse, a superior shoe for soccer, baseball or softball because it gives you extra traction. If basketball's your game, try the Converse Pro Leather Basketball Shoe, with natural rubber, single unit outsoles and a meatier tread design. Play hard?

The Converse Pro Canvas Basketball Shoe gives you extra heavy-duty canvas uppers and an extra-firm counter for support, as well as all the features of the Pro Leather. And for tough competition, try the durable Canvas All Star.

You'll play your game in style when you play in Converse shoes.



362 stores nationwide



Pro Leather basketball / Fielder's Choice
cleated all-purpose shoe / Pro Canvas
basketball / Canvas All Star basketball

Nobody knows
the athlete's foot like

The **Athlete's**
Foot.





When Canon first released the P10-D it quickly established itself as a best seller.

For a very good reason.

Unlike other portable printer displays on the market, using thermal or coated paper, Canon was the first to offer standard plain paper tape.

A convenience no other portable

printer/display calculator could match.

Naturally there are other features that make this edition highly original.

It has an easy-to-read 10-digit display in bright fluorescent blue.

A live memory for storing inputs and calculated results.

An item counter to help you keep track of entries.

A convenient add-mode with floating decimal.

And a percentage key as well as an automatic constant.

And now Canon offers you a choice.

The P10-D with rechargeable NiCd batteries.

Or the deluxe P12-D with liquid crystal display and dry cell batteries with AC adaptor.

Whichever you select, you're getting a Canon original.

ORIGINAL EDITION.

CANON P10-D

One of the best selling portable printer/displays in America. With standard plain paper tape.

Where quality is the constant factor.

Canon
ELECTRONIC CALCULATORS



Canon USA, Inc., 10 Nevada Drive, Lake Success, New York 11042, 6300 Peachtree Industrial Blvd., Norcross, Georgia 30071
140 Industrial Drive, Elmhurst, Illinois 60120, 123 Piedmont Avenue East, Costa Mesa, California 92626

© 1979 Canon U.S.A., Inc.

Shopwalk

by DAN LEVIN

A BIG AUCTION OF FISHING LITERATURE WILL LURE LOVERS OF ANGLING LORE

Perhaps no sporting activity has a longer and richer literary tradition than fishing, especially trout fishing. The angler—his day ended, his tackle cleaned, his dinner eaten—has five centuries of writing on his sport to explore as evening settles in—if he is wealthy or has access to a superb library. But at least the books have been published. (Are there shelves of golfing tomes from the 1640s, of treatises on bowling circa 1841?) There will be an unusual opportunity to see and bid on some of the rarest and most prized angling books in the country on Oct. 16, in New York City, for the nation's largest book auctioneer, Swann Galleries, Inc. (104 East 25th Street, New York, N.Y. 10010), is selling off a private collection. Part of it went last May—421 "lots," whose authors' names ran from A through L. The M through Zs go on the block next month, in addition to 150 A through Ls that were discovered too late to be included in the first auction.

There has been no comparable auction of angling books in at least 20 years. The owner of the collection, a distinguished gentleman with a French accent, prefers to remain anonymous. To reveal his name, he says, would be an invitation to be bargled, and judging from the spring sales his fears are justified. Two of his books brought \$2,600 apiece, one on dry-fly patterns and one on dry-fly entomology, both by an Englishman named Frederic M. Halford. The latter, published in 1897, has 100 beautifully tied patterns mounted right into the pages in little cardboard frames, a phenomenon in angling publications and one that almost never survives the predations of moths.

An extremely rare volume by Louis Agassiz went for \$1,700. A natural history of Central Europe's freshwater fishes, it was published in 1842, in French. An 1875 edition of W.H. Audsley's *A Quant Treatise on Flies and the Art of Artificially Flie Making*, by an Old Man brought the same price.

There were 10 different editions of the first known angling work by a woman, Dame Juliana Berners' *The Treatyse of Fysshynge with an Angle*, originally published in 1496. But less consequential works inspired enthusiasm as well, not to mention a measure of amusement. *A Day's Fishing*, by a Member of the Acorn Club, published in Hartford in 1901, was sold for \$80. Swann's catalogue described it as "A brief account of a fishing excursion in the country climaxed by a search for books in a nearby farmer's attic."

The auctioneering had its moments, too. The man in charge was a drill New Yorker named George Lowry. In offering *The Rev. H.N. Elcombe's Shakespeare as an Angler*, circa 1883, Lowry observed, "He used Bacon as a bait." Theodosius Garlick's book on the artificial propagation of fish inspired the observation, "commonly referred to as Garlick on fish." And when someone noted that the book's spine was chipped and taped, Lowry replied, "Spine? You usually remove the spine."

Part Two promises more of the same humor and fine quality. All collectors are welcome, and once again a number will travel from the West Coast, Canada, England and France to attend. A San Francisco collector named James Stewart, who is planning to return, bought two English volumes in May. He says, "I could have spent \$5,000 without even trying." He will have the opportunity to do so at the October auction. Lowry says it will offer 521 "lots," some of them potentially more valuable than Halford's works on the dry fly.

The oldest book of the entire auction, Jacopo Sannazaro's collection of fishing verses, will be offered for sale in October. Published in Rome in 1526, the book is in Latin. Lowry should have a fine time with it.

There will be more than a dozen copies of Frank Walton's classic, *The Compleat Angler*; a number of volumes by the 19th-century English writer, Joseph Crawhall, whose works are rarely on the market; and a copy of the scarce volume, *The North-Country Angler*, published in London in 1786.

Of special historic interest is Jerome V.C. Smith's *Natural History of the Fishes of Massachusetts*, published in 1833 and generally accepted as the first American book on fishing. A second edition of Smith's classic, also available in October, belonged to an ardent Bay State angler and sometime orator named Daniel Webster, and it contains his personal bookplate.

Most of the books in the May auction were more literary than instructional, and that is true of the October sale as well. But an exception is a very rare mid-19th-century manual by William Schreiner. It is, says Swann's catalogue, "the first of American angling books to treat an angler's needs." While no one who reads it will rush out to purchase the horseshair lures it recommends, some things about fishing never change, and its new owner might well be tempted to bring it out on the lake next summer, to peruse while sitting quietly in his boat waiting for the perch to bite.

Catalogues for the October auction are available, and may be obtained by writing or calling Swann Galleries.

It has been a long wait between auctions, but as Lowry says, "One thing I've discovered about sports fishermen is that they do have an inordinate amount of patience." **END**



Wherever your work takes you, the Canon PalmPrinter travels right along.

It gives you answers on plain paper tape, with clear, legible print out. Easy to read and write on.

NEW ADDITION.



CANON PALMPRINTER
A handy, easily affordable plain paper printer/display. In a compact traveling size.

Where quality is the constant factor

Canon
ELECTRONIC CALCULATORS



Canon U.S.A., Inc., 700 Howard Drive, Lake Success, New York 11042 • 8000 Pacific Street Industrial Blvd., Norcross, Georgia 30091
140 Industrial Drive, Elmhurst, North Carolina 27038 • 123 Pasadena Avenue East, Costa Mesa, California 92626
© 1989 Canon U.S.A., Inc.

A photograph of a herd of horses running across a field. The horses are in various colors, including brown, white, and black. They are running towards the right side of the frame. In the background, there is a steep, rocky hill covered with dense, dark green trees. The sky is not visible.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Lights: 12 mg "tar," 0.9 mg nicotine av.
Kings & 100's: 17 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine av.
per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. 79



Come to Marlboro Country.



Marlboro Lights, Longham 100's and 100's.
Marlboro Red — you get a lot to like.

The Focal Foursome. All-American Buys from K mart.



\$24.88 (7 x 35 ZWCF 10°)

A 525-foot field of vision* and a 10° angle of view make the Focal 7 x 35 ZWCF 10° Wide-Angle Binoculars ideal for general use. Your family will enjoy nature study and outdoor sporting activities with these handy binoculars.



\$31.88 (8 x 40 ZWCF 9°)

Move to the front of the line with the Focal 8 x 40 ZWCF 9° Quick Focus Binoculars. Their 472-foot field of vision* and 9° angle of view make them excellent for viewing fast-moving objects or sporting events.



\$44.88 (7 x 50 ZCF 7.1°)

Catch play-by-play close-ups of all the football action with the 7 x 50 ZCF 7.1° "Rubber Armour" Binoculars. These oil-weather binoculars are ideal for outdoor activities and have a 372-foot field of vision*, a 7.1° angle of view, unique "Comfort Vue" rubber eye cups to protect eyeglasses, and a tripod socket.



\$44.88 (10 x 50 BWCF 7°)

The Focal 10 x 50 BWCF 7° Wide-Angle Binoculars feature a 367-foot field of vision*, a 7° viewing angle, "Comfort Vue" eye cups, a three-element eyepiece, tripod socket and lens covers.

All on sale August 25 through September 27 at most K mart stores across the U.S.A.

*At a distance of 1,000 yards

Quality at a K mart price. Nice.

K mart
THE SAVING PLACE™

Copyright 1980

K mart Corporation

Troy, Michigan 48064



SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT H. HOYLE

NOW YOU KNOW

Sportscaster Keith Olbermann, who does a program called *My Side* on UPI's radio network, is fascinated by the number of times athletes fall back on the verbal crutch "you know." Several months ago, when he heard Mark Aguirre of DePaul and the U.S. Olympic basketball team come up with a record nine "you knows" in only 18 seconds, Olbermann wondered if anyone could ever surpass Aguirre's average of 500 "you knows" per second. Accordingly, he set up The Official You Know Sanctioning Board and began playing taped interviews of possible challengers to Aguirre on his program. There is now a new champion, Mike Easter of the Pirates, who let drop an incredible 16 "you knows" in just 29 seconds, good for a .551 mark.

Easter's mouth outdid George Brett's but when he answered the question, "The Braves have beaten you two straight, Mike—*you guys in a slump?*" Said Easter, "I think, *you know* (1), the guys are, *you know* (2), we're playing hard, *you know* (3), we're playing, *you know* (4), we're going out there giving everything we've got—I know I am, and I know the other guys are, *you know* (5). It's just sometimes, *you know* (6), you get guys that's hot like Matthews, he's swinging the bat real good this series, *you know* (7), and these guys been throwing good ball games. You get a guy like Nickle, I mean, *you know* (8), they can pitch, *you know* (9), and these guys come against us, *you know* (10), they just love to knock off a pennant contender like us, *you know* (11), and, *you know* (12), they're just loosey-goosey, *you know* (13), they just go out there and just, *you know* (14), just try to just bury us, *you know* (15), but the thing is, we're playing our type of baseball, *you know* (16), and the breaks been going their way."

THE GAME OF THE NAME

Tom (Hollywood) Henderson, the former Cowboys linebacker currently with the 49ers, messed some 25 days of practice

during the exhibition season because of assorted minor injuries. His teammates now have a new nickname for him: Holiday Henderson.

HURDLING TOWARD A SHOWDOWN

With 54 straight finals victories and the nine fastest times in history to his credit, Edwin Moses has dominated the 400-meter hurdles as few, if any, trackmen have any event. But Moses soon may be getting a challenge from Renaldo Nehemiah, the preeminent 110-meter hurdler. Nehemiah has run the four fastest times ever in the 110, including the world record of 13 flat, and he says his only remaining objective is to smash the 13-second barrier. In the meantime, he expects to take up the 400. "I'm a hurdler and there is another hurdle event out there—the 400," Nehemiah says. "I don't know how Moses feels, but there's no one giving him much of a challenge and there's no one giving me much of a challenge. I think it would be interesting for both of us if we got together."

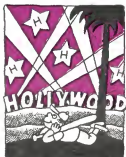
The 110 is a sprint over 42-inch hurdles, while the 400 is a grueling test of stamina over 36-inch hurdles. Nevertheless, some athletes have done well at both (Mike Shrine, the silver medalist behind Moses in the 400 in the 1976 Olympics, was a finalist in the U.S. Trials in the 110 the same year), and Nehemiah is an uncommonly versatile athlete. A onetime high school quarterback, he is skilled at tennis and basketball and he astonished his Maryland track teammates by bowling a 235 game the first time he tried that sport. At the 1979 Penn Relays he ran an anchor leg in the 4 x 200 and the 4 x 400 relays in 19.4 and 44.3 respectively, both extraordinary times. His former college coach, Frank Costello, said last year, "The first time he steps on the track he'll run 48 in the intermediates." Moses' world record is 47.13.

Informed of Nehemiah's plans, Moses told SI's John Papaneck, "Tell him to come on in. Doesn't make a bit of difference to me. There are a lot of people

challenging him in his event. He's just one step ahead most of the time and he does lose races. By the time I finish competing, it will be the year 2000 before anybody beats my time."

STARS IN HIS EYES

More than 8,000 memorabiliaophiles jammed the grand ballroom of the Marriott Hotel near the Los Angeles International Airport over the Labor Day weekend for the First Annual National Sports Collectors Convention. Promoted by three avid collectors—Gavin Riley, Mike Berkus and Steve Brunner—the convention attracted some 150 exhibitors



who paid \$50 each for a six-foot-by-30-inch table on which to display their wares. Old Yankee yearbooks sold for upwards of \$30, double the price of any other team's; a 1952 *Illustrated Football Annual* went for \$20; and a 1952 Topps bubble-gum card of Mickey Mantle fetched \$675 at auction the first day. Dealer Fred Lynch, who sells uniforms of players of note, was asking \$500 for a Carl Yastrzemski shirt, \$100 for a Lakers' jersey that had been worn by Cazzie Russell and \$250 for an entire Golden State uniform, including warmup jacket, that once belonged to Rick Barry.

One dealer, Wes Parker, the former Dodger first baseman, would've been able to sell his own uniform had he chosen to do so. Now a broadcaster, Parker said that he had made back the \$50 table-rental fee in the first hour, selling baseball cards. As a boy in affluent Brentwood, where he lived up the street from Gary Cooper and Cesar Romero, Parker

continued

THE ONCE-IN-A-LIFETIME
ALL-CONVERTIBLE REBATE.
HURRY! OFFER ENDS SEPTEMBER 30, 1980.

TR7

\$1000
REBATE

TR7*. Make your best deal and get the best rebate we've ever given on top of that. Here's the exciting, wedge-shaped sports machine with the quick reflexes and clean convertible styling that have made the Triumph marque famous. Now at unprecedented, maybe never-again savings.



TRIUMPH TR7 SPIDER EXCLUDED

MGB

\$750
REBATE

MGB. It's one of the best-loved convertible sports cars in the world. Come in and drive an MGB. Make your best deal. Then we'll give you a hefty \$750 cash rebate besides. It's the best deal ever on the wide-open sports car, MGB.



SPITFIRE

\$500
REBATE

SPITFIRE. Come in and deal. When you've made your best deal, we'll sweeten it with \$500 cash. It's a classic opportunity to own this spirited roadster. Spitfire is synonymous with sports-car excitement—with 17 National SCCA Championships to prove it.



For the name of the dealer nearest you, call these numbers toll-free: (800) 447-4700, or, in Illinois, (800) 322-4400.

USE YOUR REBATE TOWARD THE
DOWN PAYMENT, OR TAKE
IT IN CASH!
© Jaguar Rover Triumph Inc.
LEONIA, N.J. 07038

collected baseball cards and Donald Duck and Little Lulu comic books. He also followed the old Hollywood Stars of the Pacific Coast League with a passion. In high school he lost interest in collecting, but the spark returned, Parker said. "The minute I quit baseball with the Dodgers, I was walking down Hollywood Boulevard and ran into one of those secondhand hookshops selling baseball cards and comic books. That's when I realized the old cards and books I had were now very valuable. My mom went up and pulled them all out of the attic."

Parker added, "I was fortunate. The key to saving your cards from when you were a kid is your mom. Talk to any of these guys buying. They tell me, 'I had all those cards you're selling, but my mother threw them away.'"

Parker attended the convention not only to sell duplicate cards from his own collection but also to spread the word that he collects anything pertaining to the Hollywood Stars, a team that was disbanded when the Dodgers moved to L.A. in 1958. To advertise his interest, he wore a Stars road jersey that he got from the Dodger equipment man, Nobe Kawano, who once held the same job with the Stars. The shirt, in fact, is the only Hollywood item in Parker's collection, and he is so eager to acquire more material that he plans to run a want ad in the *Los Angeles Times*. "Somebody out there must have some mementos of the old Hollywood Stars," Parker said. "Playing for the Stars was my dream. I'd have given up my entire major league career to have worn a Stars uniform."

ELEUTHEROCOCCUS

Did Soviet athletes do well in the Olympics because they took a drug extracted from a thorny, creeping plant? "Undoubtedly," says Dr. Stephen Fulder, a gerontologist, writing in the respected British weekly *New Scientist*, which bills his story on its cover as "The mystery herb that won the Olympics."

The drug, reports Fulder, both in *New Scientist* and his new book *The Root of Being*, comes from a shrub related to ginseng and known scientifically as *Eleutherococcus senticosus*. "Despite its extensive use in the Soviet Union for 20 years, authorities in the West know almost nothing about it," Fulder writes, even though it is now sold in U.S. health-food stores, drugstores and supermarkets as *Eleutherococcus* or "Siberian ginseng."

continued



SUPER AVILYN: So your videodeck won't pay for the sins of your videotape.

On the surface, videotape is the picture of innocence. But if its microscopic oxide particles are not of the highest quality, and if they're not bound strongly to the tape surface, they can shed loose oxide into the works of your videodeck. And oxide shedding has been the downfall of a good many videodecks.

Super Avilyn is different. It's a super-refined videotape especially developed by TDK. Super Avilyn particles are virtually inseparable from their strong binder. They stick to the tape as your videodeck spins relentlessly at 1800 rpm. Pictures stay faithful to the

original. Virtually no drop outs or color loss. Brilliance and crispness from beginning to end. Even during six-hour play, when the tape moves at a bare .43 inches per second. After hundreds of playing hours, while other videotapes show a strain in quality, Super Avilyn shows you a clear picture.

Before we told you all this, you could have innocently hurt your deck. Now that you know all about Super Avilyn, it would be a sin to use anything else.



TDK

The Vision of the Future



© 1989 TDK Electronics Corp., Garden City, N.Y. 11530

Science. The Great Adventure



Science. It's a world that's too much with us to let it go by unnoticed, unreported. For it is how we live, what we do with our resources, our imagination. It is technology, medicine, psychology, genealogy. It's computers, cosmology, chemistry. It is genetics, phonetics, zoology, biology. It is outer space and universe. It is mysteries: some revealed, others still hidden. It is the vastness of nature, the nature of questions asked and answers applied. It is a great adventure, a voyage of discovery. And DISCOVER is Time Incorporated's newest newsmagazine—a journal of all the sciences, of what scientists are doing and thinking, of what it portends now and tomorrow. DISCOVER. It will be written for non-scientists who nonetheless intend to know the news of science. It will have powerful writing and unforgettable pictures. It will be revealing, challenging, fascinating. Join us now. As a Charter Subscriber to this exploration of the many worlds of science. Phone toll free, 800-621-8200. In Illinois: 800-972-8302. Begin your voyage of discovery with one phone call.

SCORECARD continued

And what does the drug do? According to Fulder, the Soviets believe it increases stamina and improves performance. The Soviets ran across Eleutherococcus while testing Far Eastern plants for medicinal properties. They gave it to mice that were then forced to swim to the point of exhaustion. The drug reportedly prolonged swimming time by up to 44%. Next, Fulder writes, Professor Israel Brekhman, director of the U.S.S.R. Academy of Sciences' Institute of Biologically Active Substances in Vladivostok, gave the drug to a large group of runners before a 10-km. race. Those who took it supposedly performed better than those given a placebo. This prompted Professor A.V. Korobkov to experiment with 1,500 athletes at the Lesgraft Institute of Physical Culture and Sports in Moscow; according to Fulder's article, Korobkov found that the drug "could increase endurance as well as reflexes and concentration, particularly in the longer events. It was especially useful at increasing the amount of training that the athlete could tolerate without harm."

Fulder's article and book are bound to arouse interest, but one U.S. researcher who has worked with Eleutherococcus, Dr. Ronald K. Siegel, a psychopharmacologist with the Department of Psychiatry at UCLA Medical Center, says, "One should be very cautious about coming to strong conclusions about its effectiveness. Much of the preclinical and clinical research in the Soviet Union is based on poorly controlled studies with nonstandardized preparations." Siegel says that persons in this country who have taken the drug extract and whom he has examined say they feel stimulated. They also report feeling an increase in both energy and psychomotor efficiency. However, Siegel points out, everyone who took it showed an increase in blood pressure and nervousness, and those who took Eleutherococcus in large doses over a period of time also suffered from hypertension, skin eruptions, edema, nervousness, sleeplessness and morning diarrhea.

NOT QUITE CRICKET

Readers of *The Times* of London were doubtless surprised last week by the story on the "floodlit baseball international" played in Hull between Great Britain and France. Beneath a subhead that read, "One corner of an English field that is forever foreign," Keith Macklin reported,

"The weather played a vile trick. . . . It poured with rain all day and the crowd was reduced from an expected 5,000 to 1,500. Nor was this the only blow for baseball in Britain. France won 13-1 after going seven up in the first two innings."

The British were handicapped from the start because their star pitcher, Peter Darnell, an office worker, was unable to play because of a broken leg. "He was hurt in a league game a week before when he slid too desperately and too hard into a base," Macklin noted. To make matters worse, "Great Britain were guilty of several fielding errors in the early stages of the match; when they tightened up their game it was too late. Some consolation was gained on Sunday when a Humber side team took on the French at Burton Constable, an attractive village site, and narrowed the margin to 5-3."

"If all this causes a raising of the eyebrows, further incredulity may be occasioned by the fact that in August 1937, a crowd of more than 11,000 watched a national baseball cup final at Craven Park rugby ground, Hull, between Hull and Romford Wasps and showed such unbounded enthusiasm at Hull's 5-1 victory that they broke down the barriers and invaded the pitch."

Before World War II, professional baseball was played in Hull, Romford, London and the Midlands, Macklin reported, but only the amateur game is played now. The chief force behind it is Don Smallwood, general secretary of the British Amateur Baseball and Softball Federation. Many Britons regard baseball with "caustic cynicism" because of its similarity to the children's game of rounders, but Smallwood argues that "it's a fast, tough, exciting and very masculine form of rounders. The ball is hard, and the outside stitching can cause some nasty cuts."

THEY SAID IT

● Karl Kremser, onetime Miami Dolphin placekicker, on why he quit coaching soccer at Davidson College: "I thought the school had a commitment to soccer, but that wasn't the case. . . . Its emphasis was on academics."

● Donnie Duncan, Iowa State football coach, speaking about Running Back Michael Wade, a high school quarter-mile champion: "I guess Wade is the man we'll turn to when it's third-and-a-quarter mile to go."

With this \$25 rebate, Minolta's most economical compact SLR is now even more economical. So it's an incredible value. Because it has a remarkable combination of features found in no other camera in its class.

It's easy to get clear, sharp pictures with the XG-1 because it's a fully automatic 35mm camera that sets itself electronically. It also gives

you manual over-ride, an LED shutter-speed display in the viewfinder, and an automatic shutter-lock to prevent over-exposed pictures.

The XG-1 accepts more than 40 interchangeable Minolta lenses and optional accessories like an auto winder and electronic flash.

Talk to your Minolta dealer today for details about the XG-1 rebate from Minolta. But hurry. This is a limited offer.

**\$25
REBATE**

WAIT 'TIL YOU SEE HOW GOOD YOU CAN BE WITH A MINOLTA XG-1.



minolta

Rebate offer good in all 50 states.
© 1980 Minolta Co.

ROUND TWO TO THE KID

John McEnroe beat Bjorn Borg in the Open, avenging his Wimbledon loss **by CURRY KIRKPATRICK**





CONTINUED

However many more tennis matches Bjorn Borg and John McEnroe are fated to play against each other, surely their names will be linked forever by the memories from a single summer. The summer of 1980. The summer of the tennis backends. The summer that Borg started by defeating McEnroe in a glorious final at Wimbledon on July 5 and that McEnroe ended by checkmating Borg right back in a glorious final at New York's Flushing Meadow on Sunday.

By the time the two had thrashed at each other through four sets and two tie-breaks, through 45 games and through the very changes of nature's seasons—dazzling late afternoon summer sunlight ending in cool autumn evening breezes—to arrive at still another gut-wrenching fifth set at Louis Armstrong Stadium, it no longer mattered that this was the U.S. Open, McEnroe's Defense, Borg's Jinx. Or even that in the balance hung Borg's quest of the Grand Slam. By that time the significance of the occasion lay in the fact that here again were the two best players in the sport testing



Playing like never, Connors rules his shot in

each other; here again was the rivalry; here again, oh, what a lovely war.

The battle was joined placidly enough before Borg served for the first set twice. But he wasn't serving well. Not then, not all day or night. McEnroe broke back twice, and at 4-5 in the tie-break he attacked two of Borg's short second serves with deep backhand returns and then vol-

leyed away the points with that marvelous rapier of a left hand. It was 7-6 (7-4) on the scoreboard.

Then a phenomenal thing happened. With the Open and the Slam and everything else slipping away, Borg gave up. It was still early, but he really did. He said he had no feel. He said he "didn't know what was happening." McEnroe said his opponent looked "distant." But, missing 14 of 22 first serves, looping backhand errors into the courtside flower boxes and slogging along like a lonely busset searching for shelter, Borg was quitting. He surrendered the second set at 6-1.

Right then it should have been over. It would have been, too, if McEnroe, who at one point won 18 out of 24 points, had reacted to the scent and jumped on Borg in the third set when he had him 0-30 in the second game or teetering at 15-40 in the fourth. But Borg, in the midst of a streak of 12 straight missed first serves, survived off the ground. He started to put pressure on McEnroe's service, and he got back in the match, drilling five clean winners in a tie-break, then winning the fourth set 7-5.

Certainly now the tide had turned. Borg had won 13 fifth-set encounters in a row dating back to 1976. Such a record of invincibility in the clutch! McEnroe had battled Jimmy Connors for more than four hours the night before, and he would be going 4:13 this time. "I wasn't exactly on the doorstep of winning," Junior said later. "I felt my body would fall off. I figured I was just another victim, though, so I had nothing to lose."

How well McEnroe's brave stand at Wimbledon served him at Flushing Meadow is moot, but he wasn't about to collapse under the weight of what the unfriendly crowd in his hometown screamed were "Borgasms."

The foreigner, the favorite, looked fresher, more eager. But with Borg serving at 3-all, he allowed McEnroe's floating approach to drop free in the corner. When it was called good, he looked stunned. "But the point didn't make me lose," he said. No, McEnroe's stinging serve and Borg's own again-disappointing delivery did that. Still upset, Borg double-faulted twice before fighting off a break point. But McEnroe kept attacking with dartlike returns, and he seized the moment, gaining the crucial break for 4-3 on a crosscourt backhand that caught Borg lunging too late at the tape.

Beard aside, the Open was a Wimbledon repeat for Connors: five wins and a loss to McEnroe



It was McEnroe's championship to defend merely by holding serve now, and he was hot at just the right time. The kid won his second straight Open, 7-6, 6-4, 6-7, 5-7, 6-4, by giving up only two points in his last two service games, completing a run in which he held 17 of his 20 service points.

"The level of play, the intensity, was higher at Wimbledon," Borg said afterward. "We both can play better. You will see the best matches, the best tennis, from us in the future."

The rematch was previewed by that bearded oracle Jimmy Connors as "Two junks battling it out there," a joshing reference to pre-tournament medical reports that sounded as if the only way Borg and McEnroe could meet in New York was if their stretchers were rolling down the same hospital corridor.

Injuries aside, the two may be the only people in tennis who hadn't talked to one another about their Wimbledon final. Since that glorious day, not a word. They aren't close, Borg and McEnroe, and in the two months since Wimbledon they had entered the same tournament only once, that being the Canadian Open. In Toronto, McEnroe saw Borg in the locker room. He congratulated him on his marriage. Borg said thank you. That was it. Then both of them went out and got hurt, McEnroe twisting an ankle and defaulting in the second round, Borg injuring a knee and defaulting in the final to Ivan Lendl.

Even as Borg warmed up for the U.S. championships in his usual fashion, practicing at Chez Gerulaitis at Kings Point on Long Island, and as McEnroe entered a tune-up in Atlanta and lost to an Austin without a dress (an Austin ranked 134th on the computer; yes, that Austin, Tracy's brother John), the speculation was that Borg wouldn't be able to sprint and change direction on the rubberized asphalt of Flushing Meadow, that McEnroe wouldn't be able to lift off or maneuver laterally for the overheads and volleys that are the foundation of his slashing net game.

Came the suffocating heat of the Open's first week—courtside temperatures reached nearly 120°—and the fears concerning McEnroe seemed genuine. Against a couple of early pushovers he kept hacking overheads into the bottom of the net. Worse, he kept hearing boos and jeers. "I figure I'm about 10 Wimbledon finals exactly like the last one



After winning the first two sets of his match against Borg, Kriek had nothing left for his stretch run.

away from getting those people on my side," he said. Worse, he wasn't keenly tested until the quarterfinals, when he survived a shaky start against Lendl, quit serving to his instant-suicide backhand and prevailed 4-6, 6-3, 6-2, 7-5.

Meanwhile, Borg was facing Roscoe Tanner in his quarterfinal. Last year Tanner took Borg downtown in the same round on a cool, eerie night during which Tanner actually tore apart the net with one vicious delivery. But this time in the glare of the afternoon sun, Borg was able to see Tanner's rockets coming. And going. To Tanner's immense satisfaction—"I can play in daylight, too," he said—he hammered 19 aces and 26 service winners, many of them in the process of building a lead of 2-1 in sets, 4-2 in games. He only had to hold twice to humble Borg at the Open again.

Quite suddenly, like a soft summer breeze, Tanner's first serve waltzed. And was gone. So Borg, who had been receiving from somewhere around the 50-yard line in nearby Shea Stadium, moved in closer and drilled three returns off second serves to break back to 4-all. Bjorn broke again to win the fourth set 7-5,

then closed out the match 6-3. "Always the guy who is ahead gets tight at the end," said Bjorn. "I know I'm more relaxed playing from 2-4 behind."

Or from two sets behind, which is where Borg was in his subsequent peculiar match against Johan Christian Kriek, who could have been Abbie Hoffman for all anybody recognized him. Even after two previous quarterfinal appearances, he was the phantom of the Open. An expatriate South African who now lives in Naples, Fla., Kriek was bold off the ground and brash from the lip. "Borg knows how fast I am," he said. "He can't hurt me with his top spin. He'll have to kill me to beat me."

Indeed, Kriek won the first two sets 6-4, 6-4 during which Borg lazed about as if still on his honeymoon, or in satatonia, but when the wake-up call arrived, Bjorn swept away, 6-1, 6-1, 6-1.

McEnroe's 6-4, 5-7, 0-6, 6-3, 7-6 (7-3) marathon victory over Connors in the other semifinal was a different story. While not exactly concealing their dislike of one another, each appeared to have won the match at least twice. McEnroe had a point for a two-set lead but

continued

he harpooned a loose return wide. Then Connors won 11 straight games for a lead of 2-1 in sets, 2-0 in games; he was two points from a break for 3-0 when McEnroe stopped worrying about a bad call from the previous set—"I was losing my mind," he said—stopped demanding that the umpire (Mr. Incompetent, Junior called him) be replaced and started saving himself by playing tennis again.

In the final set, while McEnroe twice pulled ahead on breaks, he flailed his racket once too often and lost control of it. The racket hurtled crazily the length of the court, barely missing Connors' newly bristled face. It was a small-potatoes Braun Oldfield heave, but it cost McEnroe \$250 in fines.

Now he served for the match at 5-4. But Connors, screeching and pumped up by the partisan crowd, carried the game to 30-all, whereupon he unleashed four absolutely bloodcurdling blasts, three of them good. Forehand winner off a let cord. His ad. Forehand into the net. Deuce. Backhand winner. Again his ad. Backhand winner for the game. Then bedlam. It was 5-5, then 6-5 Connors as he held serve. At this moment who would have bet against the destiny of this amazing battler, who somehow always manages to win this tournament in even-numbered years?

McEnroe would, that's who. First he held serve for 6-all, forcing the tie-break-

er, which in fact was anticlimactic. From 1-2 on serve, Connors slugged a setup volley into the net and then sailed a backhand deep off McEnroe's angled return. "Abortonated points. The two worst points of my life," Connors said. McEnroe served out the match a few minutes into its fifth hour, at once erasing the final Connors legacy at the Open and setting the stage for the confrontation everyone had been waiting for.

On the morrow, of course, Borg and McEnroe disappointed no one except the Australian travel agents lurking about the National Tennis Center. Down Under is where Borg would have journeyed in December for the last leg of the elusive Slam. Now he can stay home for Christmas. And so, too, can McEnroe.

These days the women's draw at the Open seems not so much a tournament as a teen-age slumber party. Two years ago there was 16-year-old Pam Shriver reaching the final. Last year there was 16-year-old Tracy Austin winning the championship. This time the Open had not one but two dumping queens, Andrea Jaeger, 15, of the Chicago suburb of Lincolnshire, and Hana Mandlíková, 18, of Prague. But most of all the 1980 Open had a sophisticated, slimmed-down, grown-up, married version of all these pixies. She was the original Open prodigy, she of the two-fisted backhand. The measuring stick. The one and only. Chris

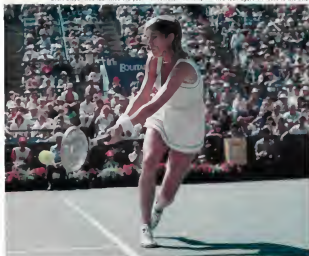


Evert Lloyd. And, girl, did Chris show everybody! At 25 she's not getting older, she's getting better.

In truth, when Evert Lloyd left the tour at the beginning of the year her game was a shambles, her confidence destroyed. Evert Lloyd knew she couldn't beat Tracy Austin. That talk last January of "needing a rest" didn't wash. Austin not only had stolen away Evert Lloyd's Open title after four straight winning years, but she had also defeated her in Germany and then routed her three times in 11 days on the indoor circuit in the U.S. That was the final blow. Pretty, sexy, well-adjusted, happily married ladies have their competitive fire, too. But this was unbearable. Austin had given up only 10 games in six sets to Evert Lloyd. She had picked apart Chris' game and stripped it bare.

Little wonder then that as Chris slowly began to lose weight and gain mobility by practicing with her husband, as she reentered the game on her turf, European clay, as she won four tournaments and 40 of 41 matches, losing only to Evonne Goolagong in a letdown final at Wimbledon after beating Navrátilová—she dreamed of the day she would get another shot at Austin. To win the U.S. Open, Evert Lloyd thought to herself, I have to beat Tracy. To be No. 1 again, I have to beat Tracy.

Evert Lloyd, who launched the youth movement, had to spank two teen-agers en route to the title.





Her brilliant play, even in losing the final, indicated that Mandlikova will be hard to hold in check.

On the eve of their looking-glass war in the semifinals Evert Lloyd was a "nervous wreck." She ate little. She was irritable. She told her husband, "I've never wanted a match more." The next day she lost the first four games of that match.

But growing up and hanging on to No. 1 has changed Austin as well; she hits the ball harder, she makes mistakes, she feels it in the throat.

As Evert Lloyd clawed back into the match she noticed Austin's tentative forehand, her proclivity to lob under stress and a notable impatience. "This wasn't the loose player I remembered," Evert Lloyd said.

So the champion bore in, hitting volleys on the run and clearing out the Austin lobs with deft overheads. She worked over Austin's lollipop second serves. She changed the pace and maneuvered her opponent around the court, mixing her up, wrong-footing her, confusing the issue. Then she plugged her machinelike stuff from the backcourt into the corners à la the old Chris.

Though Evert Lloyd lost the first set 4-6, she ran out the match by a stunning 6-1, 6-1, demonstrating quickness and variety. And emotion she has seldom shown before. Occasionally Chris even shook a fist at her side, so involved was she in pursuit of the tyke she called "my nemesis." When it was done, Aus-

tin had made 54 errors and Evert Lloyd was in her sixth straight Open final.

As for the children... Though Jaeger's endless summer received far more attention, Mandlikova's psychological advances have been more significant. Already this year the 5'8" Mandlikova, who inherited speed from her Olympic sprinter father and who draws power from her exquisitely proportioned body and extended shoulder turn on her serve, had been in position to win against Navratilova, Goolagong, Austin and Evert Lloyd (three times) only to lose. But at a tournament in Mahwah, N.J. the week before the Open began, Mandlikova upset her idol, Navratilova, to get over the hump, and at Flushing Meadow she beat her again, 7-6, 6-4.

"What is the Czech word for magician," a man asked Hana.

"Uh, magic... magic... tricks with hands. Oh yes. Kouzelnictví," she said.

"Well, that is what you are," the man said.

After overpowering Jaeger in the first set of their semifinal match, Mandlikova withstood a nerves-inducing rain delay, two squandered match points and two foot-fault calls in the tie-breaker to win 6-1, 3-6, 7-6 (7-4). "Andrea will be better than—I don't want to tell Chrissie or Tracy this—but she will be great player," Mandlikova said.

And what of Hana? In the first set of the final, Mandlikova varied the pace of her ground strokes enough to avoid giving Evert Lloyd any rhythm. Then she merely broke at love to win the set 7-5. But shortly her first serve departed the premises; with it went her concentration and intensity.

Mandlikova had break point three times for 2-all in the second set, pounding deep approaches to the corner, but Evert Lloyd replied with a winning lob and two immaculate forehands from crosscourt; after that her serve was never threatened and she coasted to her fifth Open championship, 5-7, 6-1, 6-1.

The victory was especially sentimental inasmuch as Chris had summoned her father, Jimmy, to fly up from Florida for the final. He had never seen his daughter win a major championship in person, and she wanted him to have that privilege. Isn't that just like her? That's Jimmy Evert's daughter and John Lloyd's wife. They think they'll keep her. She wins tennis tournaments. They think she'll keep winning them. **END**

The champion gave Chris savored the moment.



IT WAS THUMBS UP FOR NOTRE DAME

When Purdue's All-America Quarterback Mark Herrmann injured his throwing hand and did not play, the Irish knuckled down, nailed the Boilermakers and launched the season in style by **DOUGLAS S. LOONEY**

The game was over exactly 48 minutes before it started. Indeed, many of the 59,075 fans who always jam Notre Dame Stadium—virtually every game since 1966 has been a sellout—were still in the parking lots last Saturday drinking Bloody Marys and shaking down some pregame thunder while the real drama was going on inside, largely unnoticed even by those who were in their seats early.

Down on the 45-yard line on a sun-splashed afternoon, Purdue's splendid senior quarterback, Mark Herrmann, was testing his sprained right thumb. He had injured it in practice on Tuesday when, after throwing a pass, his hand hit the helmet of an onrushing defensive player—an occupational hazard for quarterbacks. That little pop sounded like a cannon shot to the other Boilermakers, because if Herrmann isn't exactly a one-man team, he'll serve as a good example until one comes along.

So there he was early Saturday afternoon gingerly throwing 20 passes to see if he could play. Each pass was more wobbly and more awful than the previous one. He also took two gentle snaps from the center and two harder ones. The Purdue team doctors glumly shook their heads, and Herrmann, with whom the decision ultimately rested, said softly, "I can't take a snap and I can't put any zip on the ball. I'd be throwing it up for grabs at anything more than 15 yards." Boilermaker Head Coach Jim Young replied evenly, "I'm real sorry, Mark." And that was the ball game.

Forty-eight minutes later, Purdue, Herrmann-less for the first time in the 35 games since Mark enrolled, ran onto the field and played real scary, losing to



The first huddle of the day came before the game when Herrmann bowed out

Notre Dame 31-10. It was the season opener for both teams, and Purdue found out immediately that dreams do die first. For the Boilermakers and their fans had dreamed of an undefeated season (gone), a Heisman for Herrmann (now an ill-far proposition because he missed what is likely to be Purdue's only network-TV appearance of the season) and a Big Ten championship (maybe, but illier, too).

What Purdue found out is exactly what it feared: without Herrmann, it's an average football team. What Notre Dame found out is that the Irish sure are lucky. Surprise, surprise! Asked if he was disappointed when he lined up and saw Herrmann wasn't at quarterback, Bob Crable, Notre Dame's stalwart linebacker, said, "Heck no. That was a relief." The Irish also were fortunate that Purdue—unquestionably in shock, what with having to do battle in South Bend without its general—proceeded to play poorly in both its offensive and defensive lines, failed to sustain its offense and exhibited a terrible kicking game. In

sum, the Boilermakers played emptyheartedly much of the afternoon. Said Young of the Irish, "They were the better football team. Notre Dame dominated too many areas of the game for a single player to make the difference."

The Purdue nightmare came into focus last Wednesday morning. The doctors scheduled X rays for Herrmann at 9:30 a.m.; Young arrived at 9 a.m. and paced. Six views were taken. There was no fracture but there was serious damage and sustained swelling. Herrmann had doctors' appointments each day at 9 a.m., noon and 6 p.m. "We did our best," said Dr. Gary Prah. "It wasn't good enough." On Fri-

day, Young came to grips with the necessity of playing the cards you are dealt, so he sat with freshman Quarterback Scott Campbell on the bus ride north from West Lafayette. But even as late as Friday night, hopes remained high that Herrmann would be O.K. Then came the shattering reality of Saturday. "When I grabbed the football, I couldn't squeeze it," said Herrmann.

Only a week before, Young had shaken his head in admiration when Herrmann, in a scrimmage, hit on 10 of 14 passes and had four drops. Last month, when the Purdue football world was a sunnier place, Herrmann said in his home in suburban Indianapolis, "I feel so much responsibility. They're looking for me to be the guy, and I want to come through for them. And I'm really confident in my ability. I'm as good a passer as there is around." It's not bragging if you can back it up, with a full season to go, Herrmann already is the Big Ten career leader in yardage (6,734), attempts (941), completions (530) and touchdown passes (48).

There was a certain irony, because Purdue had won last year's game 28-22, when Notre Dame's starting quarterback, Rusty Lisch, was out with an injury. After that game, Irish Coach Dan Devine had said, "Purdue comes into South Bend next year. Our team will be ready. It's going to be a physical game, and I'll tell you this right now: Notre Dame is going to win the physical contest." That quote was enlarged and hung in the Purdue dressing room, over the water fountain and at the entrance to the showers. As it turned out, Devine was right.

Around Notre Dame, everybody always expects a miracle and usually gets one. Saturday's miracle was Quarterback Mike Courney, who in three years had completed eight of 15 passes for 141 yards, against Purdue, he drilled 10 of 13 for 151 yards. So was it fun? "Fun? It was a riot," said Courney. "Heck, I don't throw the prettiest ball. I just do the best I can and hope for the best."

It was easy to see Courney's confidence grow. In the first quarter he got his team close enough for Harry Oliver to kick a 36-yard field goal. Then, with only 42 seconds to play in that quarter, Devine called for sophomore Tight End Rob McGarry to line up in the backfield. Courney faked to Tailback Phil Carter, spun and pitched out to McGarry. On his first carry at Notre Dame, McGarry went two yards for a touchdown.

In the second quarter, a shanked kick by Greg Hayes gave the Irish the ball on the Purdue 46. Seven plays later, Carter, who is not as fast as he is explosive, dived over from the one. Carter, a sophomore, ended the day as the leading rusher with 142 yards on 29 carries. "I run wherever the holes are," he said. "I'm not stupid."

With the score now 17-0, it seemed not a question of winning for Purdue but escaping. Then the Boilermakers began to show grit—indeed, grit was the only thing Young could find to praise his team for afterward. Campbell got Purdue moving, and Rick Anderson kicked a 26-yard field goal. Then, near the end of the half, a Notre Dame fumble gave Purdue the ball, and with 34 seconds to go, Tailback Wally Jones capped a 68-yard drive by going over from the four to make the score 17-10.

Devine was livid. "We had 'em down and we let 'em up," he screamed at halftime. He also yelled some other things not found in the Baltimore Catechism. Needing to catch his breath, Devine

wrote on his yellow legal tablet, "I Left Tight 33 Pass X Corner." That, he later instructed, would be the first play in the second half. Courney promptly cranked up his unstoned right arm and threw the ball to Split End Tony Hunter. The play was good for 57 yards to the Purdue 19. Moments later, Courney hit Hunter in the end zone on a nine-yard pass to make the score 24-10. In the fourth quarter, thanks to yet another poor Purdue punt, the Irish rolled again. Courney ultimately going around his left side for 34 yards, his first Notre Dame score. So are you a great quarterback, Mike? "I have a long way to go."

For his part, Campbell was nearly sensational; he just needed more support. He completed 17 of 26 passes for 178 yards, prompting Young to say, "It was an amazing performance." Said Campbell, "I could have done better."

Despite all their good work against troubled Purdue, it remains to be seen how good the Irish really are. They are

young and there are gaps in ability. Also, Devine has announced that this year—his sixth at Notre Dame—will be his last. What effect will that have? There are those who think he was pushed out by school brass; Devine insists he jumped. Whatever, the fact is there are Irish rooters who are mad that Dan hasn't been more like Ara Parseghian, whom he succeeded. It's true that Devine's wandering syntax can glaze the eyes; it's true that he has a certain paranoia. But he has recruited like gangbusters, especially in the last two years. And he has been a winner—44-14-0 at South Bend, including a national championship in 1977.

Late last Saturday night, looking down on South Bend from a party atop the St. Joseph Bank building, Devine poked fun at his own personality—a personality that some find they can catch cold from just standing next to. He said, "You know what charisma is? Charisma is winning."

By the end of the season even Dan Devine may be charismatic.

END

Purdue had a dose of a time with Irish Quarterback Courney, especially on this 14-yard TD run.





On a racing leg, challenger *Australia* leads *France 3* toward a mark obscured by the heavy haze

AUSSOME TASK FOR THE U.S.

After a long summer, the America's Cup is finally down to Freedom vs. Australia

by COLES PHINIZY

Twelve-meter boats have been called "the thoroughbreds of the sea," an apt enough analogy, though the upkeep of a 12, including the continuously changing inventory of new and still newer sails, is more expensive than that of any horse. But despite all the loving care and cash lavished to keep these exotic

creatures in shape for their only major competition—the America's Cup—12-meter boats, like their equine counterparts, are brittle critters. Running backstays break, spreaders buckle, tangs fatigue, winches choke up, balyard locks fail, hydraulic rams malfunction, booms crack, masts fall down. This summer in the seas off Newport, the old American heroine, *Courageous*, and all of the foreign boats vying for the berth of challenger—*Australia*, *France 3*, *Lionheart* of England and *Sverige* of Sweden—suffered a succession of such calamities. By contrast, *Freedom*, the San Diego boat seemingly too perfect to be real, suffered no breakdowns while racing. Flawless *Freedom* swept the U.S. trials and earned the right to defend the silver ewer in next week's races against *Australia*, winner of the foreign series.

The challenger's trip to the America's Cup finals wasn't an easy one. After a comparatively uneventful round-robin series in early August, *Australia* met

Sverige, and *France 3* squared off against *Lionheart* in the semifinals. Then all sorts of strange things happened. *France 3* beat *Lionheart* in one race by nearly 10 minutes. How come? On the way to the first mark Bowman Richard Clampett of *Lionheart* fell overboard. In another race, *Lionheart* led *France 3* by more than six minutes at the first mark. How come? In their prestart dueling *Lionheart* bonked *France 3* so hard in the rump that her Loran antenna was carried away, compelling the French to grope for the buoy in the fog.

The foreign semifinals also saw protest flags flapping all around. Three of the six races between *Lionheart* and *France 3* were settled in the jury room after the boats had collided. As they waited to testify for the third time, Iain MacDonald-Smith, *Lionheart*'s tactician, told Helmsman Bruno Troublé of *France 3*, "Bruno, we simply can't go on meeting like this." After waiting an hour and a half for the verdict on another protest,

Tactician Ben Lexcen of *Australia* declared, "What we should do is turn all the boats loose in a demolition derby. Personally, I'd like to see a bloody hurricane come along and leave them all high and dry on Thames Street."

In her semifinal round against *Sverige*, *Australia* endured more breakdowns than most boats suffer in an America's Cup summer. Shortly after she rounded the final mark of the second race, with a lead of almost three minutes, a spreader folded, and *Australia's* mast went over the side. In their fourth meeting, *Australia* lost to *Sverige* by nearly 3½ minutes, because 1) a half hour before the start, after her mainsail had been raised, her hal-

yard lock failed. With time running out, Scott McAllister, a cattle breeder from north of Perth, was hoisted up the swaying mast and made repairs before the gun went off. *Australia* won the start and was drawing away when 2) the head of her jib tore out and the flailing canvas broke one of the jumper stays. After cleaning up that mess, *Australia* slowly closed on *Sverige* until 3) the Australian boat's bow dug deep into a wave just as McAllister was preparing a jib for the next windward leg. Foot-deep water swept across the deck, carrying the jib back with it into the sea and leaving McAllister hanging over the side. Recalling the 20 minutes he spent swinging at the top of the mast, Mc-

Allister said, "Under these kinds of conditions, I'm not anxious to rush back up the mast again." But he did just that when the halyard lock failed again in the middle of the next race. In spite of these disasters, *Australia* defeated *Sverige* 3-2 and qualified for the two-boat finals. Her opposition there was *France 3*, which, in turn, had beaten *Leonbeart* 4-2 to earn a spot in the finals for the first time since Baron Marcel Buch first set his yachting cap for the America's Cup back in 1970.

Although *Australia* and Skipper Jim Hardy, as expected, won the challengers' finals 4-1, the most memorable dockside celebration took place after *France 3's* lone victory over the Aussies. *continued*

Half hidden by a wave, defender *Freedom* (U.S. 30) and Clipper sail downwind in a stately procession.



While spectators and sailors looked on in wonder, Baron Bich, elegantly attired in white from head to toe, perched his nose and leapt into the cold and oily waters of Newport Harbor. It was the Baron's swan song. Only a few hours earlier the 66-year-old hallopoint-pen magnate had announced that this was his last attempt at the Cup. He would be almost 70 at the time of the next challenge, too old for a concerted effort. But *France 3*'s one victory was a sweet farewell. Said Bruno Bich, the Baron's son, who managed the French campaign, "It was the brains of the people aboard *France 3* that won the race. Some people have been saying we do not have the brains for sailing. This showed we have learned a lot in 10 years."

The trials to pick an American defender of the Cup started so long ago it is hard to remember that in the very beginning it was a wide-open game. It all began in the early afternoon of June 21, when *Courageous* and *Freedom* sailed two races in clean westerly air on a dark, sparkling sea. In the first race, Ted Turner, who defended the Cup three years



Jim Herdy bags some rays beside the colors

ago, put *Courageous* across the starting line with a slight edge. After holding off his sometime crewmate and ofttimes rival Dennis Conner of *Freedom* around four marks, Turner romped away to win by one minute, 25 seconds. In the second race, Conner won the start and held Turner off. It was a day with a lot of give-and-take, tack on tack, split and cover.

After his boat was tucked away that evening, Conner was met by a small clot of pressmen who asked how he thought *Courageous* and *Freedom* compared. Flashing one of his quick, short smiles, Conner said, "The boats seem very even. It looks like it's going to be a hell of an exciting summer."

The next two days seemed to bear him out. On the morrow, *Courageous* lost two races to the third American 12-meter, the upstart *Clipper*, skippered by Russell Long, a mere child of 24 years. On the third day, Conner's *Freedom* beat *Clipper* twice. Right there the suspenseful summer came to a premature end. What had shaped up as a ding-dong, three-way tiff, became a succession of lopsided routs. If Conner proved to be a prophet of very limited vision, he had only himself and his crew to blame. By late August, when the America's Cup Committee decided it had seen more than enough racing and tapped the West Coast boat to defend, *Freedom* had sailed 47 races and had lost only four. *Courageous* never beat her after their en-

counter on the first day, and one of *Clipper*'s three victories over *Freedom* was earned, not on the water, but by protest in the jury room.

Conner's effort with *Freedom* and her trial horse, the 1977 contender *Enterprise*, began nearly two years ago, at a projected cost of \$2.3 million. Today, the wonder of it all is not the cost, but how well the whole shebang, human and mechanical, held together. In a practice start before *Freedom*'s first race she did pop the cable of her traveler, but that was the entire extent of her mechanical misfortunes. Equally remarkable, *Freedom* finished the trials sailed by the same 11 men who started on her in June.

Clipper, the American boat that finished with the next-best record, 13 wins and 32 losses, also had little mechanical trouble, but her crew changes gave the boat the flavor of Alice and her Wonderland friends at the Mad Hatter's tea party. In the course of the summer, four tacticians signed on: first, Andy Rose, a Californian who had served in the afterguard of the 1977 Cup challenger *Australia*. Rose was followed by Tony Parker, a Congressional Cup veteran, who was succeeded by Tom Blackaller, the world's best six-meter sailor, who was followed in late August by Gary Jobson. Seeing that Jobson had come on us nav-



A couple of Aussie sets: syndicate head Alan Bond (left) and Prime Minister Malcolm Fraser



The straw-belted Cup committee extends its formal congratulations to the all-conquering Conner

igator, but was really tactician, and Blackaller was starting helmsman and sometimes tactician, who was navigating? "Simple," Jobson said. "This late in the game, we decided not to have a navigator. It's like pulling your goalie in hockey." As in the hard-water game, it was a desperate measure.

Although Turner's *Courageous* finished the summer with its famous 1977 crew almost intact, the boat kept coming apart. Throughout the chain of disasters, however, the skipper remained vintage Turner—part sailor, part scholar, part clown, waxing philosophical and historical. In the July trials, an interior tang failed, and *Courageous*' mast collapsed, along with Turner's Cup ambitions. "I looked to heaven, and what did I see? A band of angels coming after me," he said.

In a practice race 11 days before the final August trials, while trying to duck *Courageous*' stern with nothing to spare, Skipper Long of *Clipper* misjudged and slammed his boat into his rival's transom with such force it opened up an eight-inch gash, carried away *Courageous*' backstay and warped her remaining mast beyond repair. "It's bad," Turner said, "but it's not Corregidor. We can't operate, but at least we don't have to walk for a week with nothing to eat." Although an apologetic Long loomed



Bich bids a final adieu to the America's Cup

Clipper's spare mast to *Courageous*, it wasn't enough to keep Turner and company from becoming the first boat eliminated from the U.S. trials. Less than a week later, Long and the *Clipper* crew received the thanks of the America's Cup Committee, while Conner got their congratulations. At long last, it was down to two: *Freedom* and *Australia*.

Based on the performances over the summer, it would seem that *Freedom* should successfully defend the Cup against *Australia* without losing a race. The American boat has sailed far harder and longer than *Australia* and won her berth by beating better boats more con-

sistently. In addition, *Freedom* has one unparalleled advantage never before enjoyed by any challenger or defender: a stablemate named *Enterprise* that was redesigned to make the boats as equal as possible over the whole range of winds. Thus when *Freedom* was practicing she was getting better competition than many defenders have faced in real races.

Australia was anxious to get the foreign eliminations out of the way so she could start testing a new, very flexible mast of the sort *Ironheart* had used with mixed success. No one, not even the Aussie brain trust, knows how much it will improve her, if at all. Australia seems to have a particular strength straight downwind, but even if she proves superior to *Freedom* while running, it would be a relatively minor asset, because only about a fifth of the 24.36-mile Cup course is on that point of sailing. What sustains interest in the America's Cup—at least until the rivals meet for the first time—is that no matter how far the burden of evidence tips the scales, no one can really be sure of the outcome. Thoroughbred tricks are reasonably similar, so it is possible to make some judgment on the relative merit of 3-year-olds racing at, say, Hialeah and Santa Anita. But the sea is never the same, and the tactical circumstances of a match race rarely so. Every tack, every sail change takes time, and just how much depends on when it is made. The America's Cup is, in brief, a poor place for clockers and oddsmakers. As Bruno Bich points out, "Every 12-meter looks fast until it races against one faster." Just like thoroughbreds. **END**

PHOTOGRAPH BY ERIC SOMMERKANT



Flatterascal



The captain and crew of *Freedom* celebrate by taking an impromptu dip in chilly Newport Harbor



After outmaneuvering Oiler Cornerback Greg Stenrock (27) for position near the goal line, the ubiquitous



PICKING UP WHERE THEY LEFT OFF

When last seen, the Steelers won the Super Bowl on a bomb to John Stallworth Sunday, against Houston, it was more of the same **by PAUL ZIMMERMAN**

The ball hung in the late afternoon sunshine over Three Rivers Stadium, fluttering and quacking. Two Beaver County duck hunters fired at it and missed. When it finally came down, the Steelers' John Stallworth had maneuvered himself into position to jump for it, and momentarily the man on the P.A. system was saying, "Bradshaw to Stallworth, 30 yards for a touchdown."

These are the Pittsburgh Steelers, vintage 1980, a team that can escape from the strangest situations with one big play. That's two straight games now in which Bradshaw-to-Stallworth has bailed out the Steelers when things looked nasty. Remember those two big touchdowns in the fourth quarter of Super Bowl XIV? They came at the end of picture plays, the kind you draw on the blackboard. But this last one against Houston?

Well, with the extra point, it closed out the scoring—Pittsburgh 31, Houston 17—in the first Super Bowl ever played in September, a game for which the Oilers had been preparing ever since the NFL schedule told them that they would begin the 1980 season against the same rival that had beaten them for the 1979 AFC Championship. The Oilers had even imported Ken Stabler and Jack Tatum from the Oakland Raiders, a team that

has beaten the Steelers the last three times it faced them. Brain and muscle to tame the giant from the north.

The season opener Sunday was either of Super Bowl magnitude or just another date on the 16-game schedule, depending on the age and emotional makeup of the Oiler you talked to. Now, midway in the fourth quarter, the Steelers were ahead by a touchdown, 24-17, after blowing a 17-0 first-quarter lead. They had a third-and-15 at the 50. One more play and they would punt, and the Snake would work his magic, and maybe, just maybe.... But here was Terry Bradshaw scampering to his left, throwing that fluttering pass, and Stallworth timing his leap. So how do you figure a play like that?

It could have been a sack. Mike Stensrud, the Oilers' 280-pound defensive end, was tugging on Bradshaw's shirt, but Bradshaw tugged harder and broke away for the scramble around his left side that ended when he flung the ball as hard as he could toward that disappearing target near the end zone. A quick referee's whistle and, who knows, they might still be playing.

"Oh no, not this time they couldn't."

Bradshaw said. "No way they could whistle it dead. We weren't stalemated. I was moving and fighting him off. Actually, though I was scared to death that they might blow the whistle. That quick-sack rule, that's a lousy, stinking rule. Quarterbacks can't be athletes anymore. Now you've got to be a sissy."

According to Houston Coach Bum Phillips, it could have been a penalty. "Andy Dorris, our left end, broke in and (Steelers Tackle) Larry Brown just grabbed him by the shirt," Phillips said. "They should have thrown the flag. But I'll give that Bradshaw credit for breaking out of the tackler's grasp. Dan Pastorini couldn't have done it. Ken Stabler couldn't have done it. Terry's a big, strong boy."

According to Stallworth, the play could have been almost anything. He said it started as 60 Prevent Slot Hook and Go, the same play that crushed the Rams in the Super Bowl. Only this time Stallworth was supposed to break it outside to the flag. "When I saw Terry was in trouble I moved inside," he said. "Then I broke it outside again. Then I drifted about 20 yards farther downfield and circled around the cornerback (Greg Sten-



Stallworth played a brief game of private volleyball with Terry Bradshaw's Alley-Oop pass before pulling it in and whirling away from Sternrick who ...

rick] and waved my hand at Terry. Then I saw the ball wobbling toward me and I knew I was going to have to jump. I tipped it myself, then I caught it."

According to Houston Free Safety Mike Reinhardt, who led the NFL in interceptions last year, the pass could have been an interception, or an incomplete—anything except the touchdown. "Sternrick didn't even try to make the interception," Reinhardt said. "He made the right play, trying to deflect the ball. They would have been forced to punt. You don't want to take over on your own two-yard line. But when the ball was tipped, it came down right in Stallworth's

hands. I was on one side of him, Gregg Bingham was on the other. If it goes off to either side.... Well, all I can say is that the Steelers had some luck going for them today."

Always in the fourth quarter, when the Steelers need the luck, or the big play, or the jump ball, or whatever you want to call it, that's when they get it. They were outscored only once in the fourth quarter in the 19 games they played last year. But they shouldn't have needed the fourth quarter against the Oilers.

They controlled Earl Campbell—13 carries, 57 yards—just as they had both times in Three Rivers last season. Of

course, Houston made things easier by lining up in a formation that was geared to Stabler's short passing rather than Campbell's running—two tight ends, two wide receivers, no Tim Wilson, the 220-pound fullback who's so effective as Campbell's blocking back. In all, the Oilers threw the ball 44 times and ran it only 15.

Houston noodled around with the run for a while early but got nowhere. Then Stabler went to the air 11

continued



... tugged and tugged and tugged at Stallworth's jersey but came away empty-handed in the end zone



The Bradshaw with his brother Greg



Stabler had a rocky debut with five interceptions



STEELERS continued

straight times, and the Steelers had the Snake on the ropes. In the first period they picked off three Stabler passes, and in the second quarter they grabbed the fourth of their five for the day. They opened up the 17-0 lead and they made it look easy—so easy that their own failings were hidden.

Going for their third touchdown, Bradshaw underthrew Sidney Thornton near the goal line, and the Steelers settled for a chippie field goal instead. Twice Bradshaw was intercepted in Oiler territory when he threw to a receiver who was covered. Another drive died in Houston's end of the field when the Pittsburgh running game was stuffed. The Steelers' defense was playing great, diving for interceptions on tipped balls, but there were ominous signs, too. Stabler was getting time to pass. When the Steelers would load up and throw a blitz at him, he'd slide the ball to an inside receiver and beat it. Even so, the score could have been 30-0 at the half, but, hey, 17-0 is good, too. Why worry?

Give Stabler credit. He could have taken the pipe after that horrendous first half, but didn't. The Oilers came back and tied the score at 17-17 in the third quarter, and even after the Steelers ran it up to 31-17, Houston was threatening, until Donnie Shell popped up from a blind area, picked off a Stabler pass on

the Steeler 15 and ran it back 67 yards.

As for Tatum, who didn't start but played occasionally as a nickel back on passing downs, he cut off a Steeler threat in the second quarter with an interception and later took a ferocious shot from 260-pound Tackle Steve Courson near the sideline: Tatum flung the ball at Courson, who showed a very slow set of reactions as it struck his face mask. The rest of the time Tatum was almost invisible.

The game didn't fit the old Steeler-Oiler stereotype, a vicious battle in the trenches. Pittsburgh won it with an Alley-Oop and then a long interception. The Steelers didn't run the ball very well. Their defensive front four played the gaps, to cut off the threat of Campbell, and this didn't provide much of a pass rush. They relied on the tremendous speed and reactions of their linebackers and secondary, and Stabler helped out by trying to force the ball through tiny openings in the middle. A quarterback with a howitzer for an arm might make it work, but Stabler's soft passes—hanging in the air, waiting for someone to grab them—were too often tipped or dropped. The Oiler receivers had seven drops.

"Pastorini threw the ball so damn hard that no one could catch the noochies," said Steeler Coach Chuck Noll. "These deflections hung there nicely."

It was a game of trickery, too: a 57-yard touchdown on an option pass by Campbell, his first in the NFL, and a 29-yard Bradshaw-to-Thornton touchdown pass in the first quarter on third-and-one. "If you punch the computers on us," Noll said, "you'll find an extra high percentage of runs when we bring in our short-yardage people. Today we screwed up the computers."

"We haven't shown any passing on short yardage in the 10 years I've been here," Bradshaw said. "This one, though—yum, yum."

The Steelers weren't smooth on offense and they weren't overpowering, but they got extraordinary catches from Stallworth, a couple of tough receptions by Lynn Swann and one terrific grab in traffic by their third wide receiver, Jim Smith, to set up the touchdown that gave them the 24-17 lead.

It hadn't been a happy preseason for Bradshaw. His wife, skater Jo Jo Starbuck, filed divorce papers a

continued

Campbell passed for one TD, but when he ran he was brought back to earth by hordes of Steelers. PHOTOGRAPHS BY HENZ KLUETMEIER

**RCA's 1981 ColorTrak separates
black and white...**

from color...

**so even these subtle shades of red
come out crisp and clear.**

RCA's advanced Detail Processor makes it possible.

All color television pictures are made up of two kinds of picture information.

Color

And black and white

In order to create a color picture, every television has to keep each of these signals separate during processing. But if the separation of black and white from color isn't kept complete, the color picture you see won't be quite as crisp and clear as it could be. That's because one signal would "spill over" into the other.

To keep black and white separate from color and bring you every subtle shade of color crisply, clearly, RCA has introduced the advanced Detail Processor to ColorTrak.

It separates color from black and white within the closest of tolerances. Then, with the help of RCA's eight automatic color systems, locks the right color on track. Even colors only subtle shades apart. For the very best color picture in

RCA history

Ask your RCA Dealer for a personal demonstration of ColorTrak 1981. He'll show you the wide range of screen sizes and stylings you have to choose from.



COLORTRAK

Ranging from traditional... all the way to modern.

He'll also introduce you to the new ColorTrak remote control. You'll quickly discover why this is the most advanced remote to ever control a ColorTrak.

And while you're looking at ColorTrak, why not listen to ColorTrak? Some models even include Dual Dimension Sound. With sound closer to stereo than monaural.

But whichever model you choose, we're quite sure that you'll be just as proud of your 1981 ColorTrak as we are.

RCA



RCA IS MAKING TELEVISION BETTER AND BETTER.

*Available on most 1981 ColorTrak models.

Simulated TV picture. 19" Diagonal set shown is "The Rainbow" model FCB425. For the complete line of ColorTrak models, write RCA Consumer Electronics, Dept. 22-322, 600 North Sherman Dr., Indianapolis, IN 46201.

CLASSIC STRIPES®



AJD CAP COMPANY/3301 CASTLEWOOD ROAD/RICHMOND, VIRGINIA 23234/804-233-9683 OR 804-231-0211

© AJD Cap Corp

Officially licensed by the NCAA,
from A.J.D., the people who brought
you Superstripes® and
Luckystripes®

Available schools

[illegible]

STEELINGHES continued

month ago, but on Friday Bradshaw was hoping that he could still figure out a way to patch up his marriage. He had lost 23 pounds during training camp, thanks to a lingering virus. His upper body looked thin; his short-sleeved practice jersey flapped around his arms. A few of the Steelers said they were worried about him. Bradshaw was on a downer before the last Super Bowl, too, but when it came to the fourth quarter, he and Stallworth still put together the big plays.

In contrast, Stabler's preseason had been very happy. He looked younger than he had in his last couple of years in Oakland; his face less lined, his body more firm. There were whispers that he'd actually done some working out in the off-season. And the receivers were looking forward to his nice, soft passes.

Oh, there was an occasional slip. He snuffed a charity golf tournament in Port Arthur, clean forgot about it, and didn't that annoy the guy who had paid \$12,000 for the privilege of being his partner? "I understand it and I forgive him," said Phillips, who lent his name to the tournament, "but I'll never invite him again." And Stabler missed the last practice before the Oilers broke camp. "I didn't even know what to fine him," Phillips said. "I had to look it up in the book. Nobody had ever done it before."

But going into the game at Pittsburgh, Stabler had a winning streak of three against the Steelers, and John Madden, the Snake's old Raider coach, said that if there was one man who knew how to beat the Steelers, it was Kenny.

"The number one thing about him is that he's not afraid to throw the ball on any down," Madden said. "That's what it takes to beat Pittsburgh. If you get into a pattern offense against them, you're dead. They can defend the pattern game better than any team that's ever played. To beat them, you've got to pass when you're supposed to run, and vice versa. Of course, it's easy to say but hard to do. Not many quarterbacks have the confidence to do that, but Kenny does."

And on Sunday, Phillips provided Stabler with a one-back alignment that would be best suited to his short-passing game. "It made sense," Noll said. "You can't expect a back like Campbell, even that great a back, to carry the load over a 16-game season."

After the game, Phillips was second-guessed for gearing his attack to Stabler's arm rather than Campbell's legs, but

Campbell's history at Three Rivers was on Phillips' side: Campbell rushed 17 times for 15 yards against the Steelers in that AFC title game, and 16 times for 38 yards against them last September.

"I don't think the idea was wrong," Phillips said. "What was wrong was that we were dropping the damn ball. There's nothing I can tell them. They're grown men and they can catch. What good does it do to tell a 25-year-old man 'You're not looking the ball in.'"

That was only part of the trouble. The other was Stabler's persistence in trying to force the ball to receivers. "I think he was surprised at how quickly we reacted to the ball," said Pittsburgh Safety Mike Wagner, who had one of the interceptions. "I think he misread a few coverages, too. The one Sherrill intercepted at the end was like that."

"Maybe two or three interceptions were on tips," Stabler said, "and the others were on bad throws, as simple as that."

"How about the drops?"

"You know, you play a game, you win together, you lose together," he said. "It doesn't matter if they're drops or tips or whatever. We're all in it together."

Only four of the 43 passes Stabler threw (he completed 24 for 196 yards) were longer than 15 yards. One was a completion, three were misses, including a long one, a perfect throw, that was dropped. Bradshaw had the luxury of being able to go long when the mood seized him, knowing that Swann and Scallworth were waiting on the other end.

"Everyone thinks that Stallworth out-jumping the guy was such a fluke," Bradshaw said, "but I learned three things about football a long time ago. No. 1: if defensive backs were great receivers, then they'd be playing on offense. No. 2: when your receiver sticks his hand up, he wants you to throw the ball to him. No. 3: never worry about it, just throw it. Nobody's going to outjump John Stallworth."

The world learned about this a long time ago, too. It happened in San Francisco and was called Alley-Oop—Y.A. Tittle throwing, R.C. Owens catching. Someone asked Stallworth if he'd ever heard of that combination.

"I never heard of Archie Owens," he said, "but I vaguely remember Y.A. Tittle. He was that bald-headed guy, right?"

Right. And last Sunday he must have been smiling.

Classic Stripes® the exciting new cap from AJD. Available at sporting goods stores or buy now with this coupon.

Please send me _____ cap(s) at \$10.00 ea. (postage paid) for (school) _____

Sizes & Quantities
 ___ Men's ___ Women's ___ Children's
 Enclosed is a check or money order

I wish to use my ☐ Master Charge
☐ Visa/BankAmericard

Number _____

Expiration Date

Expiration Date _____

Signature _____

Name _____

Address _____

City	1990	2000
Atlanta	10.1	10.1
Baltimore	10.1	10.1
Boston	10.1	10.1
Chicago	10.1	10.1
Denver	10.1	10.1
Detroit	10.1	10.1
Houston	10.1	10.1
Los Angeles	10.1	10.1
Minneapolis	10.1	10.1
New York	10.1	10.1
Philadelphia	10.1	10.1
Pittsburgh	10.1	10.1
Portland	10.1	10.1
San Francisco	10.1	10.1
Seattle	10.1	10.1
Wash. DC	10.1	10.1
Other cities	10.1	10.1

Copyright © 2006 Pearson Education, Inc. All rights reserved.

AID CAP COMPANY

3301 CASTLEVIEW ROAD

5000 STILL WOOD ROAD
RICHMOND VIRGINIA 23234

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA 23234

.....

THE MAN WHO BROUGHT



A nonstop sanagenarian, Rivenes demonstrates surfboard paddling, tapes the Miles City Jaycees Bucking Horse Sale, does some rope twirling outside his television station and, inside, taste-tests a milk shake for his wife, Ella, and gives a Shoeless Joe reading of the sports news

Paipo surfing is just one of the many sporting interests of David Rivenes of little Miles City. He's also big on luge, tae kwan do and age-group wrestling

by RAY KENNEDY

Hurry! Hurry! Hurry! Come one, come all! See ferocious little hellions no higher than your knee wrestle like grizzlies! Thrill to the riptide excitement of water polo! Marvel at the deadly grace of the kwan do, Korea's answer to a kamikaze attack! Gasp at the spine-tingling suspense of the horseshoe pitch! Feel the pain of the infamous, gut-wrenching race-walk! And look out! Here comes that slambang free-for-all—team handball! Hurry! Hurry! Hurry!

Like a carny barker at full bellow, Da-

SURFING TO MONTANA



vid Rivenes of Miles City, Montana has been delivering his spirited pitch to the world for most of his 68 years. A side-show unto himself, he is the irrepressible promoter of an impossible dream: "Getting everyone interested in all the sports that no one is interested in."

A tall order, but then Rivenes (rhymes with mannes) comes on like a one-man invasion. Typically, the fact that he had no idea what the luge was didn't deter him from helping to introduce the sled-ding event to the U.S. No obstacle is in-

surmountable, he contends, no mountain too high to climb. Not even the one in Montana on which he built an Olympic-size luge course that has everything but, alas, snow.

And there was no stopping Rivenes last summer when he staged a surfboard championship right there in Miles City, a cowpoke town that hasn't seen anything resembling a wave since the fat lady did a belly flop in the local swimming hole. "The difficulties only make the job interesting," says Rivenes. "The prob-

lems only make the results seem more worthwhile."

Problem No. 1, he says, is expanding the vision of a nation that has been focused on a handful of traditional sports for so long that it's blind to the joys inherent in other games. That myopia doesn't hamper the talented few who might excel at baseball, football or basketball, he says, but where does it leave the multitudes who fail to make the cut?

On the sidelines, usually, and while Rivenes applauds the recent surge of in-

continued

terest in participant sports, he feels it's only the beginning. Among other pursuits, his work with juvenile delinquents has convinced him that the benefits derived from sports are far too valuable for America to settle for anything short of fun and games for everyone. "If someone wants to play, let's help them," he says. "If they don't know how, let's teach them and spread the enjoyment around."

Ever the patriot, Rivenes believes that one of the long-range dividends of his efforts will be Stars and Stripes forever. He explains, "I am of the opinion that American boys and girls are the strongest, quickest and smartest in the world. Yet for too long now we've been seeing the Russians and East Germans beating our pants off in sports we've never even heard of. Moreover, they've been learning our games while we've been confining ourselves, concentrating too much on school sports. If Americans get involved in any sport at the grass-roots level, they can beat anybody in the world. They've only got to discover events like luge and team handball."

Which leads to problem No. 2: getting the show on the road. To shout "Play ball!" is one thing; to organize the forces that make the play possible is quite another. And that is Rivenes' forte. For all his maverick ways, he is no backwoods Barnum thumping his drum in the wilderness. He works within the system, or rather plows through it with a winning mix of "sweet-talking" and "ramrodding." One measure of his success is that he once ascended all the way to the presidency of that formidable bureaucracy, the Amateur Athletic Union. And who would dare label as far-out a man who in 1966 was honored at the White House by President Lyndon Johnson as Fitness Leader of the Year?

From pee-wee boxing and the Junior Olympics right up to the U.S. Olympic Committee, Rivenes has his hand in. Name a sports committee, and he is either on it, has bypassed it or will invent it. That snowy head among the well-tanned, for example, that pale countenance etched by the icy Chinook winds, is Rivenes, vice-president of the World Surfing Federation. "Why should Californians have all the fun?" he wants to know.

Or Austrians, for that matter. As vice-president of the International Luge Federation, during his swings through the Alps, Rivenes has free run of a 100-room

castle, a gift from Count Wohlgemuth. In Seoul he was whisked to meetings with then South Korean Prime Minister Shin Hyon-hwack by limousine and motorcycle escort, a style befitting a member of the executive committee of the International Tae Kwan Do Federation.

Although he frankly admits, "I still don't know a damn thing about it," Rivenes suspects that "tae kwan do is the way the Koreans spell karate." Knowing such details isn't important, he insists. "If you can promote one sport, hell, you can promote them all. The administration is all the same. You don't have to know how to spell it or pronounce it to promote it."

Not surprisingly, problem No. 3 is finding the time to cope with problems 1 and 2. At an age when most men are enjoying retirement, Rivenes is going in more directions at once than the bronc riders at the annual Miles City bucking-horse sale. He still runs a title insurance business out of his home, a converted barn filled with the mementos of a barnstorming sports evangelist. But he's rarely there; his all-consuming occupation—and showcase for his populist view of the world—is KYUS-TV.

There are 212 television markets in the United States, and KYUS (after cayuse, the Indian word for range pony) is 212th. "We're the smallest and most unique TV station in the world," he says proudly. "and we guard that distinction jealously. Who in the hell wants to be the next-to-smallest?"

Anyone who has no taste for hustling 18 hours a day, seven days a week. Located on a ridge outside of town, just beyond a cattle guard at the end of a dirt road, KYUS is housed in an aluminum shed the size of a tennis court and features one color camera, a secondhand transmitter and all the homey clutter of an attic. "Five of us—my wife, Ella, me and three young fellas just out of broadcasting school—run the place," Rivenes says. "Our range is 75 miles on a good day, next door on a bad one. I'm on a lot because I work cheap."

Rivenes signs the station on at 6:30 a.m. ("Well, it's a honey of a day") and is still there at long day's end, sweeping up after the midnight sign-off. In between, Ella handles the paper work, plays host to David's cast of puppets on their children's show and supplies the sound

effects, muffled hoofbeats being a specialty. She also assists Rivenes in his multifarious roles as newscaster, reporter, cameraman, engineer, meteorologist, ad salesman, set designer and all-round troubleshooter. How do they keep up? "With great difficulty," says Rivenes. "We average about four hours sleep a night. But it's enough."

It has to be. The station, which Rivenes built in 1969 with a \$300,000 loan, has never made a profit. The insurance business keeps the family afloat and helps free Rivenes for the six weeks of the year he is on the road promoting sports. His credo: "If you can't be rich, have fun."

And so he does, down-home fashion. On his popular newscasts he thinks nothing of saying, "Hold it a jiff," and strolling off to adjust the camera or answer a jangling telephone. To see Rivenes in action, in fact, is to understand why a man who can charm the warts off a hog's back, as they say in Big Sky country, has no trouble managing the old mules of the sports Establishment.

A kind of electronic Will Rogers, Rivenes has to be the only anchorman who appears in an old wool sweater and corduroys and, while idly patting the head of a companionable basset hound, iddles the news from scribbled notes stuffed in his pockets. Once, in announcing the appearance of a blind preacher at the Baptist church, he added, "I was down there, by the way, and I think it's worth the trip just to see his Seeing Eye dog, a fine black Labrador."

Bulletins about bull sales, community sing-alongs and Boy Scout obstacle races may not displace 60 Minutes, but Rivenes insists that "what we provide—unlike the syndicated junk that most local stations put on—is what the FCC wants: real public service television."

An NBC affiliate, KYUS carries the usual network fare, but Rivenes also produces three hours of daily local programming that reflects his fascination with the simple pleasures of man at his leisure. "We can't afford AP and UPI wire services," he says, "so we dig up our own stories. Anyone who wants us—we go. Spelling bees in country schools, a billiard tournament in a local pool hall or high school basketball, that's our beat."

Anglers drop by to show off the prize trout they haul out of the Yellowstone River. Ranchers' wives bring cookies and demonstrate their favorite recipes with an assist from Chef David, whose spe-

continued

One of the most sophisticated devices known to man makes every picture simply beautiful.

Built into the new Mamiya 35mm quartz-timed camera system is a remarkable computer. Remarkable, because it's specially programmed to ensure every picture you take will be beautiful.



Mamiya quartz ZE. Don't think of it as a camera. Instead, think of it as a computer programmed to take simply beautiful pictures.

Yet, this incredibly sophisticated device operates so simply.

The computer "sees" exactly what you see in the viewfinder. And in just a millionths of a second, it determines the precise shutter speed for a perfectly exposed picture. The red diode in the viewfinder shows the computer at work, automatically adjusting the camera. (Naturally, the ZE can also be operated manually.)

Now, you take over. Simply turn the focusing ring until the image is clear, and then release the precision quartz-timed shutter. You can't miss. Because with the computer taking care of the camera, you can concentrate on the picture. The 35mm

Mamiya Quartz ZE.
The computer makes it simple.



For more information, please contact your nearest Mamiya distributor. Mamiya Company, Inc., 10000 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 1000, Beverly Hills, CA 90210. Mamiya Company, Ontario, Canada.

VANTAGE ULTRA LIGHTS

ULTRA TASTE!
ONLY ONE ULTRA LOW TAR HAS IT.

ONLY
6mg
tar



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

6 mg. "tar", 0.6 mg.
nicotine av. per cigarette
by FTC method.

cialties are corn flakes and milk and a salad that consists of sticking a banana through a pineapple ring. "What they do at KYUS may not be professional," says a local saddlemaker, "but David's been hokey for so long now that he makes it work. It's terrific!"

Best of all, perhaps, is the coverage of the Rivenes productions that have made Miles City the world capital of neglected sports, an achievement as unlikely in its origins as it is in its locale. Never an athlete himself, Rivenes was the nearsighted kid who grew up to be the manager of the Gallatin High School football team. After a brief fling as a dude ranch operator, he became a range manager for the U.S. Government and later specialized in selling title insurance to ranchers. He first became interested in amateur sports when his three daughters took up swimming, and after helping two of them become national junior champions, his immersion was total.

In 1950 Rivenes attended his first national AAU convention and he hasn't missed one since. In no time he began seeking out the championships that no one seemed to want. And just like that, Miles City was resounding to the ring of horseshoes and the clank of barbells. Bicyclists whirled down Main Street like swarms of locusts while long-distance swimmers splashed endlessly to and fro in the town swimming lake, a dammed-off bend of the Tongue River. Far from being a detriment, the remoteness of the setting was an irresistible lure for the athletes, just as Rivenes suspected it would be. He says, "Everybody thinks, 'Wow, nobody is going to go to a two-bit town in Montana to compete, so I'll just sneak in there and pick up a cheap national championship.' Thing is, everybody thinks that nobody is going to show up, so everybody does and we have some high old times. And we have some really great competitions."

Seeking to get more of the local youth involved, Rivenes and Ella volunteered to coach boxing and wrestling at the Pine Hill School, a state reformatory for boys in Miles City. At his request, he worked with the "bottom of the barrel," the kids whom the school deemed most incorri-

PHOTOGRAPH BY LANE STEWART



When the wrestling mat goes down in the Rock Springs schoolhouse, the desks have to go out

gible. "It's a cinch," says Rivenes. "None of them has ever been better than anyone at anything except stealing, but find one sport they're good at and the change can be astounding."

When one 17-year-old reprobate allowed that he knew something about water polo, Rivenes appointed him coach of the Miles City girls' team and, just like that, he became a model of decorum and deportment. To help coach track, Rivenes imported guest stars like Bob Schul, the 1964 Olympic gold medalist in the 5,000, and Ron Laird, the former U.S. race-walking champion. Occasionally, one of the delinquents would take off in a race and hightail it out of town. But Rivenes takes pride in the fact that the escapees' code of honor was such that none of them would dare steal David's cherished 1953 Buick Skylark con-

vertible or any of the four other aging cars he has collected.

Those inmates who did cross the finish line often did so with class. Among the many honors won by Rivenes' charges, the Pine Hill race-walkers won the national AAU team championship in 1968 and the girls' water polo team, led by their born-again teen-age coach, triumphed in the 1964 National, Senior Women's championship.

The Riveneses, both of whom traveled extensively as managers of various AAU teams, were themselves rejuvenated by the competition. "When we saw how much fun it was," says David, "we decided to go after bigger things." Things like a Montana take-over of the U.S. Winter Olympic team.

continued

Combing through an Olympic handbook before the 1968 Games in Grenoble, they decided that something called the luge would be a good place to start. Says Rivenes, "We sweet-talked the U.S. Olympic Committee into bringing over five European lagers to coach us and help build a 1,200-meter track outside of Missoula. It was a wonderful track."

Trouble was, no snow: Tons of the stuff fall on Montana every winter, of course. But because of what Rivenes calls a "freakish climatic shift," may a flake landed on their wonderful luge track. Undaunted, he flew his fledgling lagers to the Alps, which were in the throes of an unseasonable warm spell. Again, no snow. As a result, when the 10 U.S. lagers assembled in Grenoble, few had ever been down a full-length course before.

That included Kathy Roberts, the team's top woman lagger, the daughter of the Riveneses' next-door neighbors and one of six team members from Montana. David's parting instructions to Kathy as she readied herself for her first run were, "Try not to get yourself killed, because I have to go back to Miles City and live next door to your family." Despite being "terrified," she placed 13th, the best finish ever by a U.S. woman lagger.

Rivenes was elected AAU president in 1972 and during his two-year term was instrumental in having the organization restore Jim Thorpe's amateur status. "Compared to today's student-athletes," he says, "Thorpe was a rank amateur." Rivenes also furthered his concept of nurturing today's grass-roots athletes into tomorrow's Olympic champions. He says, "Instead of teaching our young wrestlers high school and college rules, we felt they should be learning the international rules used in the Olympics."

The result was age-group wrestling for boys from five to 16. The first national championship, held in Miles City, natich, in 1971, attracted 187 entrants. The second year, 780 wrestlers competed, and the third, 1,200. "It's so big now we've had to break it up into four regional tournaments," says Rivenes, whose 12-year-old grandson is the terror of the 105-pound class. "Last year we had Montana kids touring in Russia, Mongolia, Germany and Japan."

Mad as it may seem, there is also a long-range method to Rivenes' introduction of the surfboard to the prairie. He is a representative of the General Assembly of Sports Federations, which will

stage the first World Games in Santa Clara, Calif. in 1981 as a means of having sports like table tennis, softball and, Rivenes hopes, surfing, considered for inclusion in the 1984 Olympics. To qualify, at least 28 countries must be engaged in the sport, and Rivenes says, "It wouldn't look good for the U.S. if only Californians were involved in surfing."

Hence the first annual Montana polo championship, a Hawaiian word which, Rivenes says, has to do with a freshwater sport in which the competitors paddle their surfboards in three positions—lying down, sitting and kneeling. Built for salt water, the boards imported for last summer's inaugural in Miles City were less buoyant than Rivenes'; they submerged to three inches below the surface. But no matter, says Rivenes. "Everyone just had to paddle a lot harder. Our all-round champion was a beautiful 13-year-old Indian girl, Lisa Big Horn. It was wonderful."

As for team handball, a cross between basketball and soccer, Rivenes distributes an instructional videotape of the European game, which he believes the U.S. could dominate in a jiff if only more coaches would get to work on those grass roots. To counteract tough sledding on the luge front, Rivenes is pushing a new program based on his discovery that the race is won or lost in the first 100 yards. For next to nothing, he preaches, "We could build 400-meter starting ramps everywhere in the U.S., hold competitions and then send the most promising lagers off to Lake Placid for further training on its full-length course."

Rivenes obviously needs no starting ramp. He rolled through a Miles City supermarket one recent morning like a celebrity dervish, grabbing sale items for a commercial with one hand, jotting down news tidbits from shoppers with the other. Back at the station, he conferred with one of his engineers, a teen-ager on loan from the reform school, stacked the groceries in front of the camera, cued a Sousa march on a children's phonograph and then used his wristwatch to time his 30-second spiel for "foxy shoppers." He said, "We used to have one of those big fancy studio clocks, but it fell and broke."

Rivenes and his staff drink malted milks that are supplied by a local diner in exchange for commercial time. He has the same trade-off arrangement with a

tire company that heats the station with propane gas, and with a mechanic who attends to his cars. The bartering doesn't help the station's cash-flow problems, but Rivenes claims there are compensations. "Ella and I don't have to worry about getting sick or dying. We're too busy and we can't afford it."

In fact, folks say that David has never been more spry or quicker on his feet. Except perhaps for the time the five-foot rattlesnake he was milking on camera got loose and he lit out like one of the Pine Hill boys heading for Canada. "Nothing we do is prepared," he says, which is obvious, especially to those viewers who were watching the night the roof sprung a leak during a rainstorm and he had to interrupt his weather forecast for a breathless flash. "We've got a flood in the station!" he cried, and then began noisily mopping up while his trusty basket bound, seeking higher ground, hopped onto a chair.

After the supermarket spot, Rivenes was off again, squeezing in interviews with tourists on the street between coverage of a boxing tournament and a practice turn on the fluegelhorn he plays on the kiddie show. Then, as a warmup for the evening news, he broke out his lapar and ran through a few tricks he learned in his dude ranch days.

Retirement? The question shocks him. "Why, we've just got a license for a second station, KOUS, in Hardin, Montana. We thought it might be fun to take on the competition up there and just run them ragged." Another impossible dream? "Impossible? Just look around. All of this is impossible. Who ever said it wasn't?"

Presumably the same people who question what may be Rivenes' maddest scheme yet. Pained by the thought that the magnificent bobsled run built in Innsbruck for the 1976 Winter Olympics stands idle during the summer months, he plans to officiate at the wedding of two sports: Behold the death-defying skateboarders rocketing down an Alpine slope! "I'm told that the minute we organize the event we'll have 5,000 entrants from Los Angeles alone," Rivenes exclaims, eyes rolling at the sheer ecstasy of it all. "Imagine someone on a skateboard barreling down those straightaways. It'll make the luge look like kid stuff. Now all we have to do is..."

Hurry! Hurry! Hurry! Come one, come all!

**An incredible
new class of cars
is coming
from the Incredible
World of Ford.**



World Class Experience

On October 3rd, a significant event in Ford Motor Company history will occur.

The first of our all new class of small front-wheel-drive cars will arrive at Ford and Lincoln-Mercury dealers.

The Ford Escort and Mercury Lynx

The Ford Escort and Mercury Lynx are the first of a new generation of American made small cars using technology from all over the Incredible World of Ford.

These new four passenger sedans and liftgate wagons combine the knowledge and experience of some of our most talented engineers and scientists working around the clock, around the world.



The small car leaders in Europe

The needs of the European driver are defined by their roads, which are small,



and the price of gas, which is large. For over 50 years, Ford has been building small, fuel-efficient cars in Europe.

Ford is number one in sales in Britain, Ireland, and Norway and in Germany our smallest car outsells everything in its class.

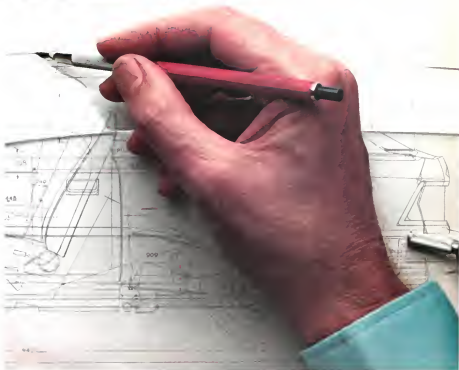
Today, when America needs high-quality, fuel-efficient cars, the Incredible World of Ford is working to meet that need.



Built in America

This World Class Technology is at work right here, right now. Developing a new generation of small cars, competing with anything in their class.

Over the next five pages, you will see some of this outstanding technology and the features designed into these cars.



World Class Technology



Less power waste equals more fuel economy

Our automatic transaxle option represents breakthrough technology. There's nothing like it available on any other car built in America.

Here's how it works: imagine trying to run in soft sand. Your feet will slip a little and you will have to work harder to keep moving. Similarly, conventionally designed automatic transmissions have some internal hydraulic slip at all speeds.

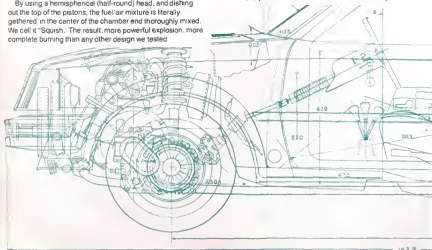
Our new automatic transaxle features "split-torque" design, which transmits power to the wheels both hydraulically and mechanically. At highway speeds nearly all power is transmitted mechanically. Therefore, our new automatic transaxle delivers more power because of this mechanical connection and there's virtually no wasted power. And reduced power waste means better fuel economy.



The "Squish" of energy

The all new CVH (Compound Valve Hemi-Head) 4-cylinder engine was designed specifically to squeeze the most power possible from every precious drop of fuel.

By using a hemispherical (half-round) head, and dishing out the top of the pistons, the fuel/air mixture is literally gathered in the center of the chamber and thoroughly mixed. We call it "Squish." The result: more powerful explosion, more complete burning than any other design we tested.





Pretend the passenger is an egg

If all your driving is on super highways, you may never be able to appreciate the sophisticated suspension system we built into these cars.

But on the tight turns of a winding road or in heavy city traffic you'll discover the difference. We believe it should delight you.

The Escort and Lynx come complete with front-wheel drive, for traction and control, rack and pinion steering for quick response and front disc brakes and radial tires.

What's really special is the suspension system. Fully independent suspension of all four wheels. No other American made car in its class has it.

Ford Motor Company Lifeguard Design safety features.

The Ford Escort and Mercury Lynx were designed with your concern for safety in mind. All Ford Motor Company Lifeguard Design safety features are standard.

On the outside, our cars are tough. With impact-resistant bumpers, safety-designed roof and front-end structure, double-yoke door latches and hinges, and side impact beams in the doors.

Inside, they're generously padded. With energy-absorbing steering columns, steering wheels and yield-away mirrors.

In fact, there are so many Ford Motor Company Lifeguard Design safety features on the Escort and Lynx (including braking and illumination systems defensive drivers will appreciate) that we can't list them all here.



At the pump

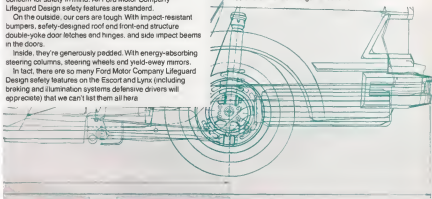
We are very excited about the gas mileage these cars have attained in our tests. Our data, using Government testing procedures, indicate these cars should receive an EPA rating of at least 28 estimated MPG* and a highway estimate of at least 43. This is a higher gas mileage estimate than any 1980 model car made in America, and should exceed any domestic 1981 model according to available information. Your Ford or Lincoln-Mercury dealer will have the official EPA ratings when these cars are available for sale on October 3.

Our new 4-cylinder CVH (Compound Valve Heml-Head) engine squeezes the most power possible from every precious drop of fuel.

Our low aerodynamic drag rating along with our use of lighter-weight, high-strength steel increases fuel efficiency.

And this World Class Technology will make itself felt where it counts most. At the pump.

*Remember. These numbers are for comparison. Your mileage may vary, depending on speed, trip length, and weather conditions. Highway mileage will probably be less and California ratings will be lower.



World Class Standard Equipment

Front-wheel drive. For traction on ice and snow.

Front stabilizer bar. For minimal sway when cornering.

Halogen quartz headlamps. For whiter, brighter light than conventional sealed beam headlamps.

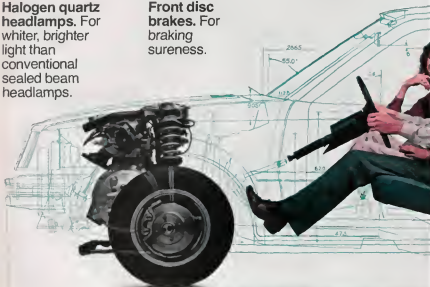
New overhead-cam compound valve hemi-head engine, one of the most power-efficient engines for its size built in America.

Front disc brakes. For braking sureness.

Fully independent suspension on all four wheels. For smooth ride and handling. (No other American made car in its class has it.)

Self-adjusting clutch. For easy maintenance.

Rack and pinion steering system. For precise cornering.



Standard 4-speed manual transaxle with overdrive 4th gear. For highway fuel economy. (Automatic transaxle is optional.)

Split-diagonal dual braking system. For braking confidence.

P-Metric steel-belted radial tires. For reduced rolling resistance.

High back, body contoured bucket seats. For the comfort of you and your passengers.

Fold-down rear seats. For extra cargo capacity.

Concealed luggage area. For security.

High strength steel in critical areas.

Full complement of Ford Motor Company Lifeguard Design safety features.



World Class cars at Ford and Lincoln-Mercury dealers on October 3rd

Less than \$170 covers the cost of recommended scheduled maintenance for the first 50,000 miles*

Designed to keep your cost of driving down, scheduled maintenance and periodic servicing, as specified in the owners manual comes to less than \$170 for the first 50,000 miles.*



As you read this, the Ford Escort and Mercury Lynx are rolling off assembly lines right here in America.

Our Incredible World of Ford and Lincoln-Mercury dealers, over 6,000 strong, eagerly await an opportunity to demonstrate them for you.

Cars with a future

Serviceability was a prime consideration during the design and development of our new cars.

Low or no maintenance parts were used where possible.

"Lubed for life" wheel bearings
A self-adjusting clutch.
Electronic ignition

Self-adjusting hydraulic valve lifters.
10,000 miles between recommended oil changes.

All this is backed by Ford factory trained mechanics working with factory approved parts.

This result is more efficient service for you, and for us.

We think you will be pleasantly surprised when you see how little scheduled maintenance is required in your Escort or Lynx owners manual.

*Based on actual 1980 and anticipated 1981 requirements (subject to EPA approval) 1981 suggested retail parts and prices, Ford Motor Company Warranty time standard, and an hourly labor rate of \$26. Some areas will be higher, some will be lower. Excludes required 60,000-mile timing belt change.



Ford Escort

Mercury Lynx

The key to this pennant race is Ron Oester," George Foster is saying, nodding at his Cincinnati Reds' teammate, poker face firmly in place. "For us to have any chance at all, Ron'll have to keep pounding the fences like he's done all year."

Oester, a rookie second baseman, surely has been outstanding, but because of his aggressiveness and defense, not his grand total of two home runs. He didn't need much time to figure out something, his elders on the Reds learned a long time ago: when it comes to long-ball hitting, it's better to let George do it.

By following that dictum this season, the Reds, the defending National League West champions, are again in position to draw a bead on the divisional title—even though they and their big gun have had something less than their best seasons. At week's end the Reds were in third place, five games out of first, with a schedule that matched them against first-place Los Angeles six more times and second-place Houston five.

In fact, Cincy will play entirely in its division through the end of the season, which pleases Manager John McNamara. "That's all you can ask for, a chance to play the teams you have to beat," he says. "If we can't beat 'em, we don't deserve to win."

Which is not to say the Reds would object to a little help from some other teams. After all, scoreboard watching is twice as hard when a club's chasing two rivals instead of one. "You have to figure that one of the two teams will stay hot," says Johnny Bench. "If you're behind one team, you wouldn't feel like you have to win every night. When it's two, you do."

Bench has a point. Despite a 7-4 record so far on a road trip that would spill over into this week, the Reds had actually lost a game in the standings. Still, you have to like Cincinnati's chances. Besides having gone 21-13 since the beginning of August and having swept a tough four-game series against the Pirates last week, the Reds have won 40 of 65 games against Western Division teams, including a season-opening eight straight against Atlanta and San Francisco. But

the most critical factor is that Foster is now hot, and as he says, "The team goes where I'm going." Widely regarded as moody and introspective, Foster enlisted the aid of a public-relations agency at the start of the season to help "gain the recognition for the things I've done," such as averaging 35 homers and 113 RBIs over the past five years. The P.R. people had to push a whole lot harder than expected when their new client started horrendously, batting .210 with only eight homers and 26 RBIs by June 12.

At that point Foster decided to stop being a "defensive hitter—looking for the perfect pitch to hit," and started hacking away. "Wherever the ball is thrown, if it's in an area where I can handle it, I'm swinging," he says. "The ump may call it a ball, but if I swing I might call it a home run. My role is to produce

Here comes Cincinnati again, powered by veterans Foster (top), with a P.R. men, and Seaver, with an O.K. shoulder



There's a Red alert out West

runs. When I do, I can carry the club."

Foster showed that ability on Aug. 29 in an 8-7 win against the Pirates. With Cincy trailing 5-0 in the fourth inning, Foster started the Reds' comeback with a two-run double and then tied the game in the fifth with a three-run homer. In the ninth, he drove in the deciding run with a grounder. Since July 1, Foster has produced at a better-than-normal rate, batting .312, with 12 homers and 47 RBIs, but because of his slow start he still trails Bench, who has been a model of consistency, 22-21 in the race for team home-run honors. Foster and Bench have been getting help of late from another early-season slumper, Dave Concepcion. Back on May 26, when he was hitting .209, Concepcion asked the Cincinnati writers for a vote of confidence, actually polling them as to whether they thought he should be in the lineup. They voted a

continued



resounding yes, and a good thing it was that they did. Through last weekend Concepcion had batted .404 over his last 11 games.

The Reds have always hit, but traditionally they've had trouble stopping their opponents from doing the same. As Foster says, "Sometimes I feel it's imperative that we score five or six runs a game." That would just about do it; the Reds' staff ERA of 4.04 is the league's poorest.

Help is on the way, though, with the return to form of Tom Seaver, who has apparently fought off the nagging injuries of the last two seasons. This year's sore spot was his pitching shoulder, which put him on the disabled list for the month of July. At that point he had a 3-5 record and a 4.78 ERA. "That was a pretty emotional time for me because it was the first time I had to realistically face the prospect of not being able to throw again," Seaver says. "I've always enjoyed those 2½ hours of doing what I do best. That's my own time—I guess that's selfish."

The Reds don't mind at all. Since his return, Seaver has thrown "better than I had any right to expect to," winning four games, including a 10-strikeout performance in a 5-3 win over the Cubs last Friday.

The rest of the Reds' staff hasn't been as fortunate. No. 2 starter Bill Boeham has pitched only 19 innings all season, and Frank Pastore, who has a 10-6 record but hasn't won since July 2, has worked only three times in the last seven weeks. As a result, Cincinnati has used 15 different pitchers this year. "We've opened up a shuttle between Cincinnati and Indianapolis," says Beach.

One of the latest arrivals is Joe Price, 23, a soft-spoken lefty who is 6-2 since being called up from the Reds' Triple A affiliate on June 14. Price is handling his first major league pennant race with aplomb, despite some occasional jitters. "When I came up I just wanted to do well enough to move into next year's picture, and now there's all this," he says. "I'm trying to keep my head and just throw because if I sat down and thought about where I was and who I was with..."

Oester, 24, on the other hand, feels a little more at home being in Cincinnati during a stretch drive; after all, he's playing in his native city. "I spent a lot of time in old Crosley Field, watching and

dreaming that I'd get to play for the Reds," he says. "I liked Frank Robinson but I was a shortstop so Leo Cardenas was my idol."

Oester started the season on the bench behind Second Baseman Junior Kennedy but eventually took over full time because of his slick fielding and .288 batting average. There is still enough of the hometown fan in him, though, that for much of the season Oester has referred to the Reds as "them"—as in "they're playing good ball," as opposed to "we're playing good ball."

Rest assured, though, Oester is now a part of the Reds. He knows because Foster told him so.

THE WEEK

(Aug. 31-Sept. 6)

by **HERM WEISKOPF**

AL EAST

Lus Tiant batting clean-up? Reggie Jackson a non-hitting 10th? Just a bit of levity by some lineup Yankees (6-1) who posted a mock lineup in the clubhouse one night. After all, Tiant was getting a bit antsy because in six of his losses he gave up a total of just 13 runs while the Bronx, er, Bombers got him only five. As for Reggie, there was no use letting him get uptight about striking out seven times and stranding 14 runners in the latest two games. On the night in question, Tiant gave up five runs to the Angels in three-plus innings before being pulled, Jackson went 0 for 5, and New York left 11 men on base. Still, the Yankees won 6-5 on Willie Randolph's single in the 10th. More convincing victories were wrought with the aid of Oscar Gamble, who batted .462 and hit three home runs, and Bucky Dent, who had six hits and six RBIs in a pair of midweek games.

Baltimore (5-2) fell 3½ lengths back despite the tight pitching of Scott McGregor and Steve Stone. McGregor's three-hitter took care of California 5-0, and Stone's four-hitter defeated Seattle 5-1 and raised his record to 22-5.

Dick Drago of the Red Sox (5-2), who hadn't started since Aug. 5, 1979, opened two games and won twice Tom Burgmeier saved both games for Drago, 4-3 over California and 5-1 over Seattle. Thus, in 22 of the last 24 Boston victories the bullpen had had either a win or a save. Carl Yastrzemski was out with an injured rib, but before he was hurt he picked up his 100th hit of the season, the 29th time in 30 years he has had at least that many. That left Yaz tied with Ty Cobb in that category and one behind Hank Aaron.

Like Drago, Bob McClure of the Brewers

(5-1) succeeded as a starter. McClure, who broke a string of 212 relief appearances, held the Royals to six hits and won 6-1. "We haven't had a job like that since George Washington was a corporal," said Manager George Bamberger, who announced he would retire and turn the reins over to Coach Bob Rodgers. Milwaukee also beat K.C., 3-1 behind Larry Sorensen and 9-5 by scoring eight runs in the ninth. Were it not for the remarkable hitting of George Brett, Cecil Cooper might well be getting much-deserved recognition. He .458 week left him at .361, the second-best average in the majors, and his seven RBIs gave him 105, the most in either league.

Detroit sportswriter Joe Falls won't get a Nobel Peace Prize for it, but he did help settle the season's hottest war. After getting a yes from Chicago's Ed Farmer when asked if he would accept a handshake from Detroit's Al Cowens, Falls set the juice-making machinery in motion. Whereupon Farmer, who last year broke Cowens' jaw with a punch, shook hands with and dropped assault charges against the Tiger outfielder, who had tried to punch Farmer earlier this season. Another surprise for Detroit (4-3) came when Mark Fidrych won for the first time since April 1978, beating Chicago 11-2 on seven hits.

Two victories by Len Barker (18-8) couldn't keep the Indians (3-4) from falling to sixth. The 6' 5", 225-pound rightlander struck out 11 Twins while winning 5-2 and fanned nine Royals in an 8-3 triumph.

Lloyd Moseby of Toronto (3-3) had three hits as Jim Clancy survived eight walks and five hits to defeat Minnesota 7-1. Then a three-run homer by Moseby knocked off Texas 4-2. And his home run and a triple in the ninth by Garth Iorg beat Chicago 3-2.

NY 84-51 BAL 78-64 BOS 73-58 DET 71-63
MIL 73-65 CLE 70-64 TOR 58-78

AL WEST

As usual, the A's (2-5) had a tasty program spread awaiting them in the clubhouse in Baltimore. Alas, the salad, meat, fruit, bread and other goodies wound up being spread all over the floor by Manager Billy Martin, who à la cart wheeled the food table after Oakland blew a 6-2 eighth-inning lead and lost 8-7. Leaving a better taste in the A's mouths were three homers by Tony Armas, who now has 30, and two victories over the Orioles. Seven A's had two hits apiece during a 7-1 triumph in Baltimore that ended a seven-game losing streak. Rick Langford's 21st straight complete game was a 3-2 win over the Birds.

Farmer of the White Sox (4-4) didn't work nearly as long as Langford to reap his rewards. By retiring the last two batters in the opener of a doubleheader in Cleveland and the final one in the nightcap, Ed scaled 10-8 and 8-7 victories and earned his 23rd and 24th saves. Chet Lemon, who batted .444, slugged a three-run homer as Chicago scored eight

continued

National Automotive Values From Sears

Now save 40%* on Sears Heavy Duty 36 shock absorbers. Only \$5.88 each. Smooth out some of the jolts, jars and jerks with Sears best-selling shock. Installation extra. On sale from August 31 through September 27. And, of course, you can use your Sears Credit Card.

Only \$5.88 each*

Sale Ends September 27th



Lowest price of the year

Sears Heavy Duty 36 Shock

Sears everyday low prices for the Guardsman® Bias-Ply start at just \$22.88. Get good strength and a smooth ride, without making a major investment. And, of course, you can use your Sears Credit Card.

As low as \$22.88 each
plus \$1.62 Federal Excise Tax for size A76-13 Blackwall.
A Great Economy Tire



Sears Guardsman Bias-Ply



Sale prices and dates may vary in Alaska and Hawaii.

* This is the maximum sale price and maximum savings nationally. Regular price varies in some markets.

© Sears, Roebuck and Co., 1986



THE ACME WEST



Where's the
Acme® West?

It's wherever men
demand boots of
quality, toughness
and style.

It's wherever the
spirit of the West
lives on in the way
people dress and the
way they feel.

That's where the
Acme West is.
Welcome to it.

ACME BOOT COMPANY, INC. 10000 PHILADELPHIA DRIVE, TENNESSEE 37165 A SUBSIDIARY OF NORTHWESTERN INDUSTRIES, INC. ORIGINALLY CALLED FREE 800-368-6666 (EXCEPT IN TENN.)

acme®

Acme's making the great Western boots.

times in the last two innings of the first game. In a sort of swinging singles affair, the White Sox stroked eight one-base hits and beat the Blue Jays 3-0 behind the two-hit pitching of rookie Larnar Hoyt (7-2).

Texas (13-3) moved a game ahead of Oakland in the fight for second. Johnny Grubbs, who recently asked to be traded, had five RBIs during a 9-1 triumph over Toronto.

Jose Morales of the Twins (2-4), whose morning trade to the Astros was negated when it was belatedly learned he hadn't cleared waivers, drove in a run that night as the Indians were beaten 5-3. Doug Corbett earned his 15th save in that game and his 16th when he got the final two outs for Jerry Koosman in a 4-0 three-hitter triumph in Detroit.

Three losses in a row to the Brewers threw the Royals (2-4) into their longest losing streak in two months. George Brett's 4-for-19 week lowered his average to .396. On the other hand, his brother Ken hurled five innings of hitless relief for K.C. in his first outing since being brought up from the minors.

A four-hitter by Freddie Martinez of California (1-6) cooled off Boston 7-2. But not even Rick Miller's 538 hitting could otherwise keep the Angels afloat.

Floyd Bannister, pitching more effectively since Manager Maury Wills gave him time to rest his sore left elbow, twice teamed up with Shane Rawley for Seattle (3-4) victories. After a muscle spasm in his back forced Bannister out of a game in New York in the sixth, Rawley went the rest of the way, gave up just one hit, struck out six and won 1-0. Back trouble again hampered Bannister during a 4-2 win in Boston, but this time Rawley had to get only two outs for his 13th save.

KC 66-50 TEX 67-68 OAK 67-70 MPMN 59-78
CHS7-76 CAL 52-82 SEA 49-95

NL WEST Howe's on first. Art Howe of the Astros (3-4), that is, Howe, who has had difficulty earning a full-time job, settled down at his first last week and unsettled opposing pitchers with his .615 hitting. During one stretch Howe reached base 10 times in a row, bunting out eight hits and walking twice. For the first time in Houston's 19 years in the league, the team won a doubleheader from St. Louis. Joe Niekro doubled, singled and was a 9-5 winner in the first game. Vera Ruble won the second 6-4 with the aid of the first Astrohome grand slam in more than four years, a blast by Jose Cruz.

Howe's also on the mound. Steve Howe of the Dodgers (7-1), that is, The rookie reliever was one big reason why Los Angeles took a one-game lead over Houston, he worked 4 1/3 scoreless innings as he got three saves, Don Stanhouse, with three hitless innings, had two more. Stanhouse finished up a 1-0 victory over Philadelphia for Don Sutton, and Howe wrapped up Burt Hooton's 2-0 defeat of New

York. Jerry Reuss, however, needed no bullpen help to beat Montreal 2-0. Ron Cey, Rick Monday and Joe Ferguson hit consecutive homers during a 7-2 romp over the Expos. Cey walloped two more home runs, one in Sutton's 1-0 victory.

Atlanta (16-4) had no Howes, just howitzers. The Braves, a bunch of late boomers, gained 29th games and climbed into fourth place as they hit six homers. Dale Murphy's 26th of the year and Gary Matthews' 18th took care of Chicago 4-3. No. 27 by Murphy put them ahead of the Pirates briefly on Friday. Then, following a seventh-inning stretch during which members of the Atlanta Ballet led the fans in stretching exercises, came the most telling boom of the week—a three-run pinch blast by Jeff Burroughs that defeated the Bucs 7-4. Bob Horner's 29th home run helped Phil Niekro beat Pittsburgh 3-2. That was the second win of the week for Niekro, who defeated the Cardinals 6-2 and, like brother Joe, had two hits against them, both doubles. Rock Camp was effective, too, chalking up two saves and a victory. All he did the Braves with 23 wins in their last 29 games, a surge that put them above the .500 level for the first time since April 25, 1977.

With Terry Whitfield going 6 for 7 and with his teammates adding 23 more hits, the Giants (2-6) swept a twin bill from the Mets 11-4 and 9-4. From there on, though, the San Francisco offense fizzled, producing four runs in the last 51 innings of the week and being shut out three times in a row.

Rolfe Fingers and Gene Tenace, who both are disgruntled and want to be traded by the Padres (5-2), were highly productive. Three saves by Fingers brought his total to 26. When San Diego won four games in a row by a total of five runs, it was Tenace who had eight RBIs and drove in the decisive run three times. The Padres, .251 hitters for the season, batted a solid .312 for the week. Big cops were Jerry Humphrey (.500), Broderick Perkins (.455) and Gene Richards (.429).

LA 76-58 HOUS 77-59 CIN 74-82
ATL 70-65 SF 66-70 SD 50-59-78

NL EAST Manager Dallas Green accused his team of "turning off the faucet" after the Phillies (4-3) had lost 10-3 to the Padres. But General Manager Paul Owens tried a different tactic. "You've been trying to do this [win the Eastern race] for yourselves," Owens told the team. "For just this month, do it for me and Ruly [owner Ruly Carpenter]." According to Pete Rose, Owens got his message across. "The Pupe [Owens] isn't like most general managers," he said. "He's more of a father figure. He speaks a ballplayer's language. He hates to see us play bad. He hates to see us be non-aggressive." During the next four days, the Phillies were more aggressive, presumably having turned on the mysterious tap

Steve Carlton got his 21st victory by beating the Giants 6-4, and superb relief pitching brought three more wins. Reliever Warren Brusar worked out of a bases-loaded, no-out mess in the 11th in San Francisco, and the Phillies won 2-1 in the 13th. The next day Pitcher Dick Ruthven had Philadelphia's only extra-base hit, an RBI double, and with Tag McGraw getting the final two outs the Phils defeated the Giants 4-3. McGraw also saved a 3-2 victory in Los Angeles for Bob Walk, who once did a different sort of throwing at Dodger Stadium. Several years ago Walk, then a mere fan, was arrested for hurling a tennis ball at Houston's Cesar Cedeno from the stands. After beating the Dodgers, the Phillies turned off the faucet and wound up a length lock of the Expos.

Montreal's Warren Cromartie had eight RBIs, Rowland Office hit .414, Tim Laffach homered in his first official big league at bat, and Woodie Fryman had two saves. And unlike the Phillies and Pirates, the Expos (5-31) finished with a fourth, three shutouts in a row in San Francisco, Bill Gullettson held the Giants to three hits while winning 4-0, a two-hitter by Steve Rogers made him an 8-0

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

KEN SINGLETON: The Baltimore outfielder kept the Orioles on the move by batting .417, slugging four home runs (two helped beat the Mariners 5-4) and delivering a ninth-inning double that knocked off the A's 8-7.

vector and Scott Sanderson breezed 9-0.

Two doubles, a home run and three RBIs by Pitcher Rock Rhoden helped defeat the Astros 7-5 and break an eight-game losing streak for the Pirates (2-4). The hitting of Dave Parker (two homers, two singles and five RBIs) and the pitching of Enrique Romo (four shut-out innings of relief) beat Houston 10-4.

Ken Reitz, customarily an early-season hitting terror and late-season flop, and Tony Scott helped the Cardinals (3-4) move up to fourth. Reitz homered three times, twice during a 4-3 victory over Cincinnati in which Scott, who hit .407, applied the clincher with a single in the 10th.

Although the Mets (0-8) extended their homerless streak to 11 games, they scored 26 runs. But the opposition hit .326, scored 48 runs and won three one-run games from New York. A loser in 26 of its last 35.

Baseball's Sunshine Boys, the play-by-play Cubs (2-5), saw few rays of hope during their home stand. It took a three-run ninth to defeat Houston 8-7 and avoid being the first team in modern league history to lose an entire season series. Five singles got the job done and left the Cubs 1-11 against the Astros.

MON 74-62 PHIL 72-62 PIT 72-64
STL 60-74 NY 59-77 CHS 82-82

While 11th-ranked Notre Dame pulled off its mini-upset over No. 9-ranked Purdue (page 22), and No. 10 Texas did likewise to No. 6 Arkansas, 23-17 on Labor Day, all six of the other nationally ranked teams that played last week met unranked opponents and won. And except for No. 16-ranked Georgia, which edged Tennessee 16-15, they won big. Most impressive was defending national champion Alabama, a 26-3 victor over Georgia Tech. So overwhelming was the Tide defense that perhaps the week's biggest upset was that the Yellow Jackets scored at all. To wit: Georgia Tech had a first down on the Tide three-yard line but lost seven yards in the three ensuing plays, and then missed a field goal. To wit: the Yellow Jackets faced a second-and-one on Alabama's 38, but three downs later were still there as 'Bama took over. Ron Rice finally kicked a 36-yard field goal for Tech in the fourth quarter, but that came only after the Yellow Jackets had a first down on the Tide two. In all, Alabama yielded a total of 84 yards on 41 Tech running plays.

Offensively, the Tide was more restrained. Its top back, Major Ogbive, carried the ball just once. Only five plays were passes. Midway through the first half Bear Bryant was calling on his bench. By then, Billy Jackson had already run for touchdowns of 15 and five yards on his only two carries. But even Bryant couldn't hide Split End James Mallard, a 6' 2", 185-pound world-class sprinter who was playing his first game of organized football. An erstwhile Olympic aspirant, Mallard has run the 200-meter dash in 20.02 and had the fastest time in this event in 1979. In 1978 he tried out for the Alabama football squad but was injured and dropped out. This summer, his Olympic hopes dashed, he worked out at home in Tampa with a reserve Tide quarterback, and this fall he made Bryant's team. With :32 left in the first half on Saturday, Mallard blew past the Tech secondary and caught a 39-yard scoring pass. "That's the first pass we threw to James," the Bear said afterward. "It won't be the last."

Fifteenth-ranked Stanford got three touchdowns in an eight-minute span of

The Macs were mighty

Most Top 20 teams won as expected, but the big winner was tiny Macalester

the second quarter for a 21-0 lead en route to defeating Oregon 35-25. During that spurt, Quarterback John Elway scored from the one, hit Flanker Ken Margerum with a 41-yard TD pass and connected with Margerum for a 35-yard gain that set up a five-yard scoring burst by Darrin Nelson. Elway later threw an 11-yard touchdown strike to Andre Tyler and finished the day with 17 completions in 26 tries for 250 yards. Still, Stanford led only 21-17 in the last quarter. Then Nelson took a swing pass from Elway and scampered 52 yards to the Oregon 12; four plays later Rob Moore plunged over from a yard out to clinch the win.

Thirteenth-ranked Florida State converted three LSU fumbles and one interception into scores for a 16-0 win in Tiger Stadium. Bill Capece booted field goals of 34, 34 and 45 yards. No. 18-ranked Penn State used 55 players in the first half and manhandled Colgate 54-10, and No. 14-ranked North Carolina crushed Furman 35-13.

Georgia scored its victory before 95,288 fans at Tennessee's enlarged Neyland Stadium. It was the largest crowd ever to watch a football game in the South. With 4:04 to play, and the Vols having first-and-goal on the Bulldog five, Tailback Glenn Ford took a handoff and ran smack into Linebacker Nate Taylor, who jarred the ball loose. Pat McShea recovered for the Bulldogs to clinch the one-point win. Georgia had trailed 15-0 late in the third quarter, when Tennessee's Bill Bates bobbled a punt on his 25-yard line, the ball bounding off several play-

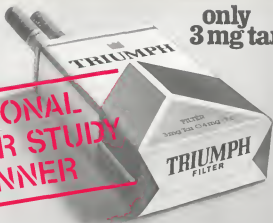
ers before squaring through the Tennessee end zone for a safety. Georgia took the ensuing free kick and marched 50 yards in five plays to cut Tennessee's lead to 15-9. Freshman Herschel Walker scored the touchdown on a slashing 16-yard burst, in which he ran through three would-be tacklers. The tying TD was set up when Jeff Hipp recovered a fumble on the Tennessee 37. Eight plays later, Walker scored from the nine.

Bryham Young, the WAC champion or co-champion the past four seasons, wasn't so fortunate, losing 25-21 at New Mexico. Lobo Quarterback Brad Wright picked apart the Cougar defense, passing for 217 yards, including a 58-yard scoring bomb to Ricky Martin, and Pete Parks drilled field goals of 22, 43, 45 and 35 yards. Kentucky, a 16-point favorite, squeaked by Utah State 17-10, but Southern Mississippi upset Tulane 17-14 on Winston Walker's last-minute 36-yard field goal. Underdog Virginia Tech took away Wake Forest's air game in a 16-7 triumph, while Air Force's debut as a member of the WAC, marking the first time a service academy has joined a conference, was a 21-9 defeat at Colorado State. The Falcons couldn't handle Rams' Quarterback Steve Fairchild, who passed for 322 yards and three touchdowns. Fairchild's heroics were matched by Cal State-Fullerton's Bob Reynolds and Appalachian State Quarterback Steve Brown. Reynolds, a freshman, ran back one kickoff 90 yards for a touchdown and another for 88 yards in Fullerton's 39-25 victory over Fresno State. Brown, No. 3 in the nation in total offense in 1979, hit Rick Bessley on eight passes for 211 yards and one touchdown. Overall he completed 15 of 28 while playing a bit more than a half in the Mountaineers' 34-6 defeat of James Madison. George Rogers, South Carolina's Heisman candidate, excelled, too, ripping off TD runs of 44 and 72 yards in a 37-0 defeat of Pacific.

Tiny Macalester College of St. Paul ended its NCAA-record 50-game losing streak by bending Mount Scenario (Wis.) 17-14 on a last-minute field goal by freshman Bob Kaye. The Scots had not won since Oct. 11, 1974.

only
3 mg tar

NATIONAL
SMOKER STUDY
WINNER



TRIUMPH[®] beats Marlboro Lights!

**Triumph, at one-fourth the tar,
preferred over Marlboro Lights.**

When tar levels were revealed, more smokers independently chose Triumph over Marlboro Lights in rating overall product preference. Of those expressing a preference, over 65% preferred 3 mg Triumph to 12 mg Marlboro Lights.

Results showed that Triumph was also preferred over 14 mg Winston Lights, 8 mg Merit and other low tars.

Now, test for yourself. Compare Triumph with any other so-called "light" cigarette. You'll taste why we named it Triumph. Also available in Menthol.

National Smoker Study results available free on request.

Write: National Smoker Study, P.O. Box 2733, Hightstown, New Jersey 08520.



**Taste the UMPH! in Triumph
at only 3 mg tar.**

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

© Lorillard, U.S.A. 1980

3 mg. "tar," 0.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Jan. 1980.

WHAT YOU SAW WAS WHAT YOU GOT



WADE AND TRABERT WERE BEST TALKING HEADS AT U.S. OPEN

Sadly, most American tennis fans have no idea how well their sport can be covered on television. On the BBC telecasts of Wimbledon, the mellifluous Dan Maskell chairs the proceedings. He knows the language and the game and attends to both. He is joined in the booth by only one other commentator, most often a thoughtful analyst named John Burt, while another professional announcer is stationed in a room below to interview the players—sitting down, intelligently, at length. Tennis is a mano a mano contest, and court technique is no more important than the personalities involved.

Unfortunately, of the U.S. networks CBS is by far the worst—in every sport—at putting any heart and soul into its coverage. Just point a lot of cameras, overwhelm us with expertise and presume that gets the job done. CBS aired 30 hours of the 1980 U.S. Open; much of it was live, but except for the points themselves, none of it was alive.

Because the CBS tennis announcers have less than kindergarten journalism credentials, they were utterly at the mercy of the action. If a match was good, CBS was swept along with the tide: much of the time, though, it was in way over their talking heads. The people to be blamed are those who chose such a me-too staff and designed such a monotonous product.

Producer Frank Chirkinian has made his mark running CBS' golf events, and this showed. In the early going, Chirkinian had the cameras hopping all around Flushing Meadows, destroying the continuity of matches,

which is crucial to building the drama in tennis. And, oddly, he seemed to have made a decision to keep us from getting to know any of the players. The poor grinders; now we have a good idea why, on CBS, they all appear to be the same bloodless blond bores from Sunbelt U.

While disdaining the athletes, Chirkinian made us endure a platoon of competing voices. Pat Summerall, never adding anything original, was most interested in eliciting sophomore "picks" from his announcing colleagues. Well, of course, none of them is really

an announcer; like virtually everybody else in TV sports, they are only chatterers. This plethora of chatterers had to waste a great deal of time ego-massaging one another, especially on the nightly half-hour highlight show during which time was at a premium.

Largely, it was a half hour of chain introductions. Jack would introduce Pat who would introduce Tony, who would introduce about eight seconds' worth of a match. It was reminiscent of the old Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts. "Whom did you bring, Newk?" "Arthur, I brought a third-round doubles match." Alas, the players were rarely introduced. Incredibly, but typically, even when Chris Evert Lloyd beat Tracy Austin in a match Chris considered among the most emotional of her career, CBS didn't choose to show Chris talking after her superb victory. As journalism, that was inexcusable, if not, indeed, negligent.

Tim Ryan, a professional announcer who does interviews well, was seldom given the opportunity to do one. He was like the twin brother in Thomas Tryon's novel *The Other*—the one who was never seen. Just: "Now here's Tim with the other scores." Next year, hire a Western Union ticker. CBS, but once—halfheartedly—Tony Trabert was dispatched to interview a player! Jimmy Connors, courtide! Trabert chose to ask Connors who his next opponent would be—information that anybody, even a chatterer, could've read off the draw sheet. To ask such a question is equivalent to an airline pilot inquiring of the passengers

where it is he is supposed to be flying them. When Trabert returned to the booth, however, Summerall was beside himself. "Welcome back, Trab!" he fairly cried. "Great job!" You would have thought Trabert had interviewed Gaddafi at the Wailing Wall.

But, it must be said, Trabert and the other microphone jocks and jockettes were outstanding at providing stroke commentary. Trabert, especially, has a polished delivery and a keen eye and is extraordinarily precise at anticipating strategy. John Newcombe is good company and not afraid to criticize Virginia Wade as well as the BBC, and Mary Carillo is, as ring announcers used to say in welcoming pages before the main event, a pleasing newcomer from Queens. However, instead of so many of the same types, how much better it would've been if some genuine electronic journalists had been thrown into the mix to really cover a tournament—not just a bunch of locker-room pals "bringing it to you."

Most depressing—and insulting to the viewers—was the fact that never has a network crew been so sloppy and poorly prepared. It was obvious that none of the chatterers could be bothered to do any homework. Just go out there and "follow the action." The jocks in the booth were so unprepared that they seemed unsure of players' rankings and unfamiliar with even the most basic tournament history. Summerall played an invincible not-my-job straight man, the Chris Schenkel of the '80s, and everybody else smugly winged it. We were told almost nothing of relatively fresh faces like Hana Mandlikova and Johan Kriek, and when it came to the better-known heroes, no effort was made to delve beneath the surface. What were supposed to pass as moments of color and background added up to no more than hype.

Tennis is a very open drama; the players wear their battles against one another in a confined space where their frustrations and triumphs are readily apparent. It isn't at all like golf, which is bacchanal and internal, man alone with his club selection. But Chirkinian and his Xeroxed chatterers played it that way. And with their effort they patronized us rather than informed us.

It's difficult to understand how a network could invest so much money—about \$3.5 million for the rights alone—and time and electronic energy in covering the Open, and then be so derelict as journalists. END

A tall, dark skyscraper dominates the center of the frame against a deep blue night sky. A diagonal line of illuminated windows starts from the lower left and extends towards the upper right, creating a sense of height and ascent. Other smaller buildings are visible in the background, also with some lights on.

On the way up, the work may not get easier,
but the rewards get better.

Johnnie Walker
Black Label Scotch
YEARS **12** OLD

12 YEAR OLD BLEND OF SCOTCH WHISKY, 40 & 50 PROOF, BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. IMPORTED BY SOMMERS IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y.



A MESSAGE TO PEOPLE ANXIOUSLY AWAITING THE ARRIVAL OF THE VOLVO DIESEL: YOUR CAR HAS COME IN.

If the idea of a diesel has always appealed to you but you never found one you wanted to buy, it's no wonder. Much of what's available to the diesel buyer today is either woefully underpowered or ridiculously overpriced.

But now there's a way to avoid these undesirable extremes and still get the advantages of a diesel. Buy a Volvo.

Here's how *Diesel* Motorist magazine described the new Volvo Diesel sedans and wagons in their most recent issue. "They're the first passenger cars in America powered by an in-line six-cylinder diesel engine, a design which in this rendering is smoother, quieter and quicker than any four, most fives, and V-8 cylinder diesel cars."

And while the Volvo Diesel is built to the high quality standards Volvo is famous for, it can be had for surprisingly little. As *Diesel Motorist* puts it, "...you can have a matched set of his and hers Volvo Diesels for less than one Mercedes 300TD."

Haven't you waited long enough? A boatload of Volvo Diesels has just landed. So don't miss the car.

VOLVO

A car you can believe in.

The neon lettering on the sign in the deserted parking lot radiates the words Title Town Motel in a warm, insistent glow, bathing the entrance to the motel lobby in pink light. The sign seems unremarkable, but in this case looks are deceiving. For in the irony of its name—followed forlornly by the word VACANCY—the Title Town Motel speaks volumes about the past dozen years in Green Bay, Wis.

The motel is about a mile east of Lambeau Field, where the Packers play. It is managed by Don Schulze, an engaging man with a tattoo of a skunk of his right arm. Sometimes people ask Schulze why he has that skunk on his arm, but mostly they ask him about the name of the motel. And Schulze tells them, explaining patiently to out-of-town guests just what the Packers once were to the NFL and what Green Bay was, too.

"A lot of the people who come in here don't even know what the name means," Schulze says, jerking his skunk toward the sign. Schulze seems to regard the neon sign with a curator's detachment, as if it were a totem from a lost civilization. And in its way, the sign is that. The ownership of the motel has changed hands in recent years, but no one ever got around to changing the name to something a little more current.

"It's just wishful thinking, I guess, that someday the Packers are going to be up there on top again," Schulze says. "People around here still have it in their heads that this is Title Town, U.S.A., and they can't seem to let the idea go."

Indeed, although Green Bay won the last of its 11 NFL championships in 1967, the town still seems to expect that at any minute the Pack will be back, as if it were saddled up and ready to come riding in from Milwaukee. After the post-Lombardi Packers went through seven comparatively mediocre seasons—first under Phil Bengtson, then Dan Devine—there was such a groundswell in 1975 to make Bart Starr the head coach that Starr himself now describes his five-year stewardship of the Packers as "a mandate" from the people.

Last week, however, Starr's constitu-

Thanks, Bart needed that!

Green Bay's win over Chicago was just what the doctor ordered for Bart Starr

ency seemed to be on the verge of turning his mandate into a vote of no confidence. Then on Sunday, just when it looked as if nothing could save Starr, a Polish placekicker named Chester Marcol decided to try running back a kick—his own kick—and the Packers amazingly won their season opener 12-6 over the Chicago Bears at Lambeau Field.

As quarterback of the Packers through the dynasty years, Starr had been the embodiment of excellence, intelligence and tenacity. When he became coach, he served as a living touchstone to the past, and even as the losses mounted, his popularity never seemed to wane. When the Packers opened training camp this year and held an autograph day, it was Starr, despite his 26-47-1 won-lost record, who had the longest lines waiting to get his signature.

But it was not far into the preseason before things went sour. The Packers played a 0-0 tie with San Diego and then lost their next four games. They were shut out three times (including the tie), and in their final three exhibitions were outscored 69-3. The Pack averaged just 63.6 yards per game rushing for those five games. Against Denver in the only preseason contest played at Lambeau Field, Green Bay reached rock bottom, losing 38-0 and getting booed off the field. For the first time since he arrived as a player in 1956, Starr was jeered by a hometown crowd, his crowd—one fan even poured beer on his head. And for the first time since he had become the Packers' coach,

his job appeared to be in jeopardy.

Probably the only thing that had saved Starr this long was the fact that the Packers are a publicly owned team, run by a seven-man executive committee that has always been swayed by public opinion in hiring and firing. "What it boils down to is the fact we couldn't have hired anyone but Bart Starr," said one member of

continued



Starr was worshiped as a player, but as coach he has been fair game for the disenchanted fans



the executive committee. "The fans, media, everybody wanted Bart. They would have hung us if we didn't pick him. Now they're trying to fire him."

Executive Committee President Dominic Olejniczak had once said, "The fans hired Bart Starr, the fans will have to fire him." Last week Olejniczak issued what amounted to a vote of confidence in Starr. "We're conscious of the fact we've got a responsibility to the fans, who are the stockholders," said Olejniczak, "but there's no way we're going to make a rash decision. We never talk in terms of how long Bart has got to turn things around. I think the people of Green Bay were pleased with our decision when we hired Bart, but this thing is really cockeyed. I guess it's a new world today—produce or else."

Starr has remained outwardly unruffled through all the howling for his scalp, always positive that he can work this thing out. He is the last true believer. As a visitor was about to leave his office last Saturday, Starr made a special point to call after him: "If you ever see us with our heads down, you be sure to let us know." Starr has few real friends in the Packer front office, but those who have known him longest say he has never lost sight of his image, never let the mask down. "He's a great one for giving you a positive image all the time," says one longtime Starr watcher, "but inside, all this talk about his job has got to bother him. He'll come into the office all red-eyed in the morning from sitting up all night looking at films, trying to find a way to turn it around, but he never seems discouraged."

Starr says the booing at the last preseason game was a "humiliating experience" and admits he has gotten tired of hearing rumors about his dismissal. "Sure we get down at times," Starr says, using the royal we. "Anyone would. But we haven't lost our sense of humor. The other night I told my wife that I appreciated her love and support during the difficult times of the past few years. She told me if I didn't turn things around pretty soon, I wouldn't have it anymore."

Starr's fortunes began to slide last year, when the Packers suffered one crippling injury after another and finished with a



Frankly, an aside quit because Ezra Johnson got hungry

5-11 record. Eight starters were lost for all or part of the season as a result of injuries that led to surgery, and one result was that Green Bay's offense ranked 25th in both scoring and total yardage among the NFL's 28 teams. Another was that the Packers' defense was the league's worst against the run.

When deep divisions erupted in his team last season, Starr maintained his characteristic aloofness, allowing himself to be drawn into only one dispute. It was a revealing episode. Wide Receiver James Lofton, who had been booed early in the year, gave a Green Bay crowd



the finger on one occasion and later referred to the local fans as "a bunch of —." Director of Public Relations Chuck Lane, who had been with the Packers 14 years and was one of Starr's closest confidants, rebuked Lofton publicly for his behavior and then was amazed to have Starr chew him out for criticizing Lofton. Months later, long after Lane assumed the incident had blown

over, Starr had Lane fired. Lane was crushed by what he still considers an act of betrayal. "Bart has turned into one hell of a vindictive guy," he says, "a 180-degree turn-about from the man I knew in 1974. Every time I made a speaking appearance or went on one of those radio call-in shows during the past five years, I was defending Bart at every turn. I don't think anybody has ever defended a coach with less ammunition than I had."

Starr also fired Defensive Coordinator Dave Hanner at the end of the 1979 season, and despite Hanner's 28 years with the Packers as a player and coach, Starr didn't offer him another job in the organization. Just when the calls for Starr's head were the loudest last week, Fred vonAppen, the Packers' defensive line coach, announced he was resigning

over a matter of principle. VonAppen reportedly was unhappy when Terry Jones and Bob Barber were cut over his objections (Jones, in fact, was re-signed the day after vonAppen resigned), but it was evidently a hot dog that made vonAppen decide that the Packers couldn't cut the mustard.

Following the fiasco against Denver, vonAppen learned that Defensive End Ezra Johnson had been eating a hot dog on the sidelines during the second half. Johnson said he didn't mean anything by it. "I was just hungry," he said. "I didn't wave it around or anything." Johnson was fined \$1,000 and apologized to his teammates, but vonAppen apparently wanted more.

"I was deeply disappointed and upset about the symbolism of something like that," vonAppen said. Theo he quit, saying only that he had no hard feelings toward Johnson and generally leaving the impression that his grudge was against Starr. "I'm sure some people feel this is extreme," vonAppen said, "but they don't know all that was involved."

"We didn't need that," says Starr of the resignation. "Fred is a man of high principle, but principle is one thing, principle without honor another."

Starr says things like that. One minute he'll be talking about the shotgun offense, the next thing you know, he's talking about honor and glory. He is still a trim, attractive man, although he has

continued

Announcing **USTA/Michelob Light League Tennis.**

"Tennis, everyone!"



USTA
MICHELOB.
Light
League Tennis

The most exciting thing in tennis since Bjorn Borg — **USTA/Michelob Light League Tennis!**

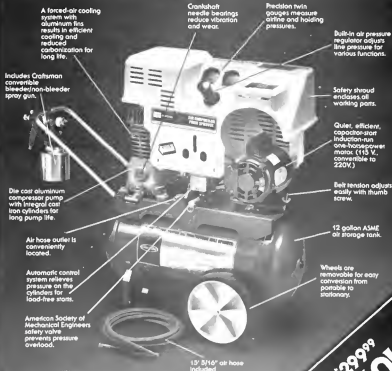
The United States Tennis Association and Michelob Light are sponsoring tennis leagues for men and women all across the country. Sign up to play at one of three skill levels best suited for you.

Whether you're an ace or just beginning — here's a great way to polish your game and have a good time doing it. And get a chance to compete in Sectionals, Regionals — or even a National Championship!

Don't miss the fun. Join up at your local tennis club, company league, park/recreation department, or call the USTA toll-free at 1-800-228-2200 for more information.

And after the match, enjoy a cold Michelob Light — the light beer in a league by itself.

The finest compressor we've ever offered, inside and out.



Sears

CRAFTSMAN

WHERE AMERICA SHOPS FOR VALUE

These are the minimum savings nationally. Regular prices vary in some markets. Prices and dates may vary in Alaska and Hawaii.

© Sears, Roebuck and Co., 1989

NOW ONLY \$299.99
SAVE \$160!
On Sale Aug. 31-Sept. 20.

aged perceptibly over the past year. More than anything else, it has been injuries that have grayed Starr's hair. Green Bay opened its season with 13 players on injured reserve, including starting Offensive Tackle Mark Koncar, Quarterback David Whitehurst and second-year Linebacker Rich Wingo, the player around whom Starr had hoped to build his new 3-4 defense. Wingo is out for the year, following back surgery.

With all that as prologue, it was obvious that there was a good deal more riding on the outcome of Sunday's game with the Bears than early foot in the Central Division race. There was a surprisingly festive sellout crowd in Green Bay. The Packers showed their usual lack of consistency on offense, scoring only six points on Marcol field goals of 41 and 46 yards, but the defense seemed to grow stronger as the game progressed. Walter Payton, the Bears' thunderous running back, was limited to 65 yards in 31 carries, and Chicago was held to a pair of field goals by Bob Thomas. At the end of regulation play the score was 6-6.

Then something truly remarkable happened—a play Packer fans will remember through the long winter ahead, a play that may have preserved Starr's job for another year. Chicago received the kickoff to begin the overtime, but Green Bay's defense was unyielding, and the Bears were driven back to their own three-yard line before they were forced to punt. Packer Quarterback Lynn Dickey, who had been sacked four times, lofted a pass from midfield to Lofton for 32 yards. After three running plays, Marcol, who hadn't kicked in a regular-season game since last Nov. 4, when he suffered a leg injury, trotted out onto the field and lined up for a 35-yard field-goal attempt.

The ball never really had a chance to gain altitude because the Bears' defensive wall had closed in by the time Marcol's leg swept into the ball. It came off his foot, disappeared for a moment into a sea of bodies, then popped out suddenly and fell directly into his arms at the 24-yard line. For a moment Marcol seemed confused, but then his legs began to move, his arms started to churn, and he found himself steaming around left end, heading for the end zone. All alone. Touchdown.

It was something. And it meant that, for a while at least, there'd be no vacancy in the coach's office in Title Town, U.S.A.

END

ICE UP A PARTY IN YOUR COLLEGE COLORS!



Super Cooler totes tall bottles or 4, 6-packs, plus ice! At 70° outside, an ice-filled Super Cooler stayed a chilly 39° inside for over 50 hours!

BEATS RIGID COOLERS.

Unique: folds for storage; washable; weighs approximately 1 lb. Three plies tough: leak-proof liner, superior closed cell insulation, nylon exterior. Order now.

FREE FRATERNITY, BUSINESS IMPRINT FACTS.

Also use coupon for details on special imprints for your organization, or event.

Schools in these conferences and leagues available: ACC, Big 8, Big 10, Ivy League, Mid-America, Missouri Valley, Pacific Coast Athletic Assoc., Pac 10, Southern, Southeastern, Southland, Southwest, Western Athletic, Yankee Plus major independents and many more.

SUPER COOLER

- ☐ Please send me Super Cooler(s) @ \$19.95 ea. (+ \$2.00 postage and handling ea.) = \$
☐ Sales tax included. ☐ Please send me facts on special imprints.

Please print full name of college(s)

Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back if returned within 10 days of receipt.

Name _____

Address _____

City, State, ZIP _____

☐ Check or money order enclosed. Charge to ☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard

Exp. date _____

AJD Cap Company/3301 Castlewood Rd./Richmond, VA 23234

Dealer inquiries invited: 804-213-9683 or 804-231-0211

IT'S V-I-R-G-I-N-I-



A-A-A-A!

Winning didn't use to mean a thing at The University, but now football's up, basketball's hot, sports are in

by **FRANK DEFORD**



CONTINUED

VIRGINIA

continued

Nothing can ever be written about the University of Virginia without beginning with a quote of Thomas Jefferson's, and, ideally, closing with one as well.

—ANONYMOUS

In the KA house at noon there was an air of intense gaiety. Young people milled about on the portico, in the hallway and in the chapter room, and everybody said, "Hey! How you?" very loudly to one another. Although it was too early to drink or dance, everybody casually did both, to the noise of horns and saxophones, and the girls' faces became pink and lovely and excited, so certain was each girl that this day was meant for her alone. At the bar, in an atmosphere of calculated darkness, boys and girls slood drinking hot rum from Mason jars.... The football game itself was hardly mentioned; it was only a hurdle to be overcome before the real happiness began.

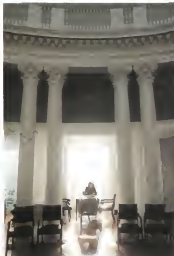
—WILLIAM STUBBS

Lee Down In Darkness

The party spirit at Virginia: straw hats, a latching smile.



The academic spirit: the classic serenity of The Rotunda.



The University, founded by Mister Jefferson, opened The Doors for 68 students 155 years ago last March. Both institutions—the University and Mister Jefferson—are doing quite well. The University endowment amounts to \$160 million, among the highest in the world for a public institution. The football team actually had a winning record last fall, and the basketball team won the NIT. Teddy Kennedy went to The Law School. The students, the Wahos, who live on The Grounds, the most prominent of them on The Lawn by The Rotunda, still sing *The Good Old Song*, still abide by The Honor System, and in the spring still celebrate Easters, the ultimate in collegiate bac-



chanalia. Playboy once ranked the Top 10 party schools in the U.S. It started with Miami and went down from there, without—incredibly—rating The University. Then, at the end of the article, it declared that Virginia was in a class by itself as a party school. Another league. Noopareil.

Mister Jefferson is also doing terrifically. Ask anybody around Hookville. Hookville is Charlottesville, the name apparently deriving from the shape of the apostrophe when it is written C'ville. In Hookville it is always Mister Jefferson. Thomas Jefferson is a name in history books. Mister Jefferson is around. There is always the sense that he'll be back in a minute, that he just went down to the apothecary, or is

over at the Sunoco station, kicking whitewalls. At Monticello the places are set and there are fruits and ous on the table. Oh sure, Mister Jefferson hasn't been especially crazy about making the columns with Sally Hemings the last few years. Now his and Sally's love story has been optioned by Hollywood. But what are you going to do? The epochs they are a-changin'. Under pressure of a lawsuit, The University accepted women as students in 1970, 50 years after they got the vote. A University course on Virginia history is taught by an apostate from Youngstown, Ohio, whose theme is: "Ohio turned out to be what Mister Jefferson wanted Virginia to be." And strangest of all, some visionaries think the football team will actually go to a bowl this year.

Mister Jefferson was a redhead, standing 6' 2½", gigantic in those days, sort of the relative equivalent of Dave Cowens. And as Alexander Hamilton could tell *continued*



Hook students live in colonaded dormitories facing The Lawn and The Rotunda

A new, candid urge to win is aching Yocree's aplomb.



Women are a new sight on campus, firewood an old one.



you, Mister Jefferson could go to his left. And he had a complete game—writing, designing, creating and inventing everything that Ben Franklin never got around to.

Of course, the jury is still out on Mister Jefferson's quickness, inasmuch as he was a WASP. It used to be that there were certain code words that told everybody we were talking about blacks. Now we have that for whites. As soon as you read so-and-so lacks quickness, you know what we are letting on. White guy. If the newspapers headlined Mister Jefferson's Declaration of Independence today, it would read: 56 INK LIBERTY PACT; MIGNER LACK QUICKNESS.

Well, unfortunately, The University's basketball team has lacked quickness. When the Constitutional scholars in Hookville get to discussing the Three-Fifths Compromise, they mean that only two of the Wahoo starters on the NIT basketball team were black. But never mind. The big man now is Ralph Sampson, a second-year student, who has quickness, grace and touch and, being 7' 4" tall, is quite capable of taking the Wahoos to a national championship. Sampson is from nearby Harrisonburg, perhaps the first really sought-after Virginia athlete ever to choose the state university—and, listen, he chose it twice. This summer he refused to let an ungracious Red Auerbach spirit him away to play for the Celtics. So not only is there potential for a basketball championship and a football bowl, but for a trend as well. Ah, but can The University deal with it? As a fanatical alumnus booster named Rennie O'Ferrell says, "After all these years of losing, of struggling to get on top, I'm afraid it's going to be a terrible let-down when we do win." Greg Canty, a star half-miler on the track team, explains the mass disorientation last autumn: "Always before, people went to the football games because it was an excuse to get drunk. When we started winning, people found themselves staying sober. It was all very strange."

Of all American colleges, surely only at The University is victory considered disturbing. Nevertheless, the problem is imminent, and Mister Jefferson is probably puzzled. As he said the other day while he was figuring out a cure for the common cold and how to put Amtrak into the black, "Who's gonna win, who's gonna win, who's gonna win the people say-ay-ay? We're gonna win, we're gonna win, V-I-R-G-I-N-I-A-A-A-A!"

All right, no more blasphemy.

To appreciate how The University got to such a pretty pass in athletics, it is necessary to understand that Mister Jefferson's "Academical Village," as he styled it, has been perhaps the most unusual public institution in America, flourishing with contradictions to the point of schizophrenia. To begin with, The University cannot be divorced from the state, which is, of course, not a state at all but The Commonwealth, Mother of Presidents, home of The Father of Our Country, the land, forever, of tradition. Virginia was not only most prominent in birthing the nation, but also the most responsible for cleaving it. Stupe Blackford, a

Rhodes scholar graduate of The University, now editor of *The Virginia Quarterly Review*, says, "Even into the '50s, the Deep South looked to Virginia as sure as it had after Sumter. If Harry Byrd and his organization had not urged the South to follow massive resistance, I'm sure that integration would have moved ahead by five years or more. But remember this too: through all those awful years of turmoil, there was almost no violence in Virginia."

Honor still matters in Virginia. Dick Bestwick, the Virginia football coach, had been an assistant at Georgia Tech, and last winter he had a chance to return there as head man. His contract at The University was up. "I was never really worried Dick would go," says Gene Corrigan, the athletic director. "Dick is an honorable man, and I don't believe, whatever Tech might have offered, that Dick could have stood up before the team he had brought here and told those boys he was leaving them."

The men who predominated at The University until well into this century were raised on the glories of honor, the garlands of chivalry and the noble lost cause that ended with The War Between the States (never The Civil War). It is still customary in the Commonwealth that the history of Virginia be taught in the fourth, seventh and 11th grades. Virginia rewrote much of the history of the war. General Robert E. Lee, Virginian, became an impossible paradox: a Christlike warrior. And, of course, if General Stonewall Jackson, Virginian, hadn't been killed at Chancellorsville, Lee would have had Jackson to depend upon at Gettysburg instead of South Carolina's James Longstreet, and the Army of Northern Virginia would have been marching triumphantly through downtown Albany, N.Y. the following Tuesday.

So Virginians grow up understanding that defeat is often



A contrast in coaches: basketball's Holland and football's Bestwick

Ben Crenshaw

SATISFIED



As a professional golfer, Ben Crenshaw knows what it means to depend on his equipment. To feel comfortable with his putter in his hand. Or his camera. His camera is the Canon AE-1, the revolutionary camera that made fine photography simpler than ever before. It's a quality camera, combining the finest in optics and mechanical engineering with the most advanced electronics to assure sharp, clear, professional-looking pictures every time. Ben's had his Canon AE-1 more than three years now, and has added a power

winder, a Canon Speedlite and several lenses. To make himself an outfit that he carries everywhere. The AE-1 has made photography his favorite occupation. Next to golf.

Ben Crenshaw isn't alone. In the time since its introduction, more than one million Canon AE-1's have been bought in the United States alone and it's still going strong. Making it far and away the most successful camera of its type in history. A million satisfied customers must know something!

What they know is this. The Canon AE-1 was, and still is, unmatched for its combination of cost and performance.

It has shutter-priority automation that's as simple as focus and click. Shutter priority automation is a long way of saying that you can get sharper pictures, because you select a shutter speed fast enough to prevent blur and the camera adjusts the lens for the light. You get great pictures automatically, but remain in control. You can shoot with full confidence that every shot will be as sharp and bright as the next.

Part of the satisfaction of owning a Canon AE-1 comes from knowing that it's the foundation for a whole system of photography. Like Ben Crenshaw, you can add lenses and accessories that will add to your enjoyment and broaden your creativity. Use a Canon zoom lens to bring sports action up close. Add a wide-angle for panoramas or a Fish Eye lens for special effects. There are over forty fine Canon lenses of all types and sizes which have been hailed by professionals as some of the best they've ever experienced.

Indoors, a Canon Speedlite will give you automatic flash shots. There are several "A Series" speedlites that simply attach to the AE-1 and set both shutter speed and aperture as

soon as they're ready to fire. It's the most automatic flash available — you simply can't make a mistake.

Want to shoot fast? Add the Power Winder A and you'll never miss a shot! It fires at up to two frames per second, while the automatic Canon AE-1 keeps working to make each shot a winner!

Want to satisfy your curiosity? Ask your local Canon dealer why the AE-1 is his best-selling automatic reflex camera. When you buy your AE-1 you'll be opening a door into creative photography (and fun) that you may have never realized was there.

And that's real satisfaction!



Canon AE-1



Model shown equipped
with P-11

Canon U.S.A., Inc. 10000 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 1500, Beverly Hills, CA 90210
140 Industrial Drive, Emhart, NY 12033 • 600 Peachtree Industrial Blvd., Norcross, GA 30071 • 12500 Pajaro Avenue East, Costa Mesa, CA 92626 •
Bldg. 3-2, 3260 Alameda Blvd., Honolulu, HI 96811 • Canon Optics & Business Machines Canada, Ltd., Ontario



© 1987 Canon U.S.A., Inc.

explicable and never so important as the cause—which probably is a fine way to live unless you're playing Ohio State. Surely it is no coincidence that the other Confederate state that is so tradition-bound is South Carolina—North Carolina refers to itself as "a vale of humility between two mountains of conceit"—and South Carolina's state university has, after Virginia's, the most woeful athletic heritage in Dixie. So cherished is defeat in the Virginia tradition that its fondest sports memory is of a loss. It was 1941, the year The University had its only Everybody's All-America, Bullet Bill Dudley, and nearly had its only perfect season, too. The Wahoes were ahead of Yale 19-0 at the half but lost 21-19. And here's the punch line the alumni really savor: not only was it Virginia's lone defeat, but it was also Yale's only victory. Beautiful. If Stonewall Jackson hadn't been shot at Chancellorsville, then when Lee told Longstreet to attack and...

But The University's ambivalence has hardly been restricted to the winning and losing of games. "The paradoxes begin with Mister Jefferson himself," Staige Blackford says. "Here was this great liberal thinker, and his final, fondest dream ended up as a crinoid of conservatism and conformity." Mister Jefferson didn't even want degrees awarded, dismissing them (rather in the manner of The Wizard of Oz) as "artificial embellishments," and while the faculty subsequently overruled him, generations of student bodies took him at face value. Any warm white male body could get into The University, and there was a disposition then to stay around. These perennials were known as "quittues" and numbered many distinguished Virginians who idled about Hookville for years before drifting on, sans degree.

Mister Jefferson had also hoped his Academical Village would "be a temptation to the youth of other states to come, and drink the cup of knowledge and fraternize with us," but, alas, it was seldom that particular vessel that the displaced Yankee preppies imbibed from at U. Va.—Yoooveezay, as it has always been known. Until the '50s, as many as half of the first-year students came from out-of-state, and a fourth were preppies, who ruled the fraternities, which ruled The Grounds. About two-thirds of the jocks were also preppies. "Lettermen were always the leaders at The University," says William L. Zimmer III, Rector of The University, 1976-80, and head of The Board of Visitors, which anywhere

else would be the chairman of the Board of Trustees. Mister Jefferson was the first Rector.

None of this is meant to suggest that Yoooveezay was an academic backwater; a diploma had to be earned, and the graduate schools—especially law—developed national reputations. But the student body remained remarkably homogeneous for a so-called state school. E. Massie Valentine '56, a member of The Board, says, "It was the only private state institution in the country. We didn't like to admit that, but it was so." So tightly knit was Yoooveezay's population that secret societies there made the famous secret clubs at Yale, such as Skull and Bones, seem like Master Charge by comparison. There is still a society at The University known as The Sevens, and while its name and good deeds pop up periodically, no one knows the first thing about it, and members' identities are revealed, mysteriously, only in their obituaries.

The antebellum Yoooveezay was smaller only than Harvard and Yale, but it is a tiny state school now (10,838 undergraduates), and until recently only 5,000 men inhabited the insular little world in the foothills of the Blue Ridge. The University was just one more pearl in that string of exclusive Virginia The's: The Church (St. Paul's Episcopal in Richmond), The Hot (Springs), The War (not World War II), The General (not Longstreet), The Beach (Virginia Beach), The Country Club (of Virginia), The High School (Episcopal High in Alexandria, which isn't a high school in all but a boys' boarding school), and even The Hunt (Deep Run).

Since 1842 students have been bound by The Honor System, which, though hardly unique to Virginia, has always been more pervasive there than in other academic groves. It was established after a professor was shot on The Lawn and nobody confessed to the deed. The decree went out that a Virginia gentleman did not lie, cheat or steal. If by chance he did, it was "an offense against the whole community," and he was confronted and obliged to leave.

When The University was a tightly knit, stylized community, the system worked with little controversy. Terry Holland, the Wahoo basketball coach, went to Davidson, a small Southern private school, essentially what Yoooveezay used to be. "At Davidson, you knew The Honor System could work smoothly," Holland says, "because everybody knew everybody."



Basketball star Ralph Sampson, 7' 4", symbolizes UVA's resurgence.

A third less tar than the leading filter 85



Longer, yet lighter

Pall Mall Light 100's	10 mg. tar 0.8 mg. nic.
Leading filter 85	16 mg. tar 1 mg. nic.
Lowest brand less than 0.01 mg. tar; 0.002 mg. nic.	



PALL MALL LIGHT 100's

10 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Now the system is under fire. Never have the Wahoos been so critical of The Honor System. Especially at issue is the principle of "single sanction," which means simply that those found guilty are banished forever.

Says Zimmer, "I admit single sanction is extreme, and I personally am willing to consider modifications, but the trouble is that everywhere you have a gradation of The Honor System, it kills it. In the old days, The Honor System was a spirit, perhaps ethereal at best, but that's what made it live. As we have added more codification, the spirit has weakened."

A couple of football players have been sent packing for honor violations in the past two seasons, and some members of the athletic department think the system is too drastic. Says one coach, "You bring a kid in from a prep school, from an upper middle-class culture, fine and dandy, but you get some boy in here who is strange to this society, under pressure, he makes one mistake, and boom, he's marked for life." A law-school graduate who went to a prep school and was familiar with the system recalls an out-of-state classmate being expelled, shortly after he arrived at The University, for taking free Cokes from a defective soft-drink machine. "Sure he took the Cokes," says the student, "but that kid was gone before he knew what hit him."

The system's weakness is not that some students will lie and cheat and never be caught—there is no pretense that it is foolproof—but that honor is an absolute. The system purports to extend into every phase of university life, yet it cannot be absolute, nor was it ever meant to be. This places the greatest burden on those most honorable. Everyone is supposed to be, morally, a virgin, while in fact everybody knows he is a little bit pregnant. Asking college kids to mess around with such absolutes is a tricky business; the athletic parallel is gamblers telling players they can shave points and still play to win.

But at Virginia it has always been understood that only what is "reprehensible" is an offense. Students at Yoovey

sit around and debate what constitutes reprehensibility the way their medieval peers used to agonize over how many angels could stand on the head of a pin.

Down from The Rotunda, along The Lawn—which the English historian John Wheeler-Bennett called "the most beautiful man-made thing in the United States"—are cramped single rooms which are awarded to outstanding fourth-year students. These prized cubbyholes are without bathrooms and kitchens (just as they were when Edgar Allan Poe resided in one), so hot pots are permitted. But toaster-ovens are expressly prohibited. A resident of The Lawn admits, however, that the students have made "a judgment call" and have decided that breaking the toaster-oven law is not reprehensible. Now many rooms are so equipped.

Members of The Board can recall that in the golden days, a student caught cheating in a penny-ante card game off campus would have departed forever the next dawn. But it was also always understood that offenses relating to liquor lay outside the code: Students who scrupulously followed The Honor System all their days never felt any compunction about lying about their age or falsifying I.D. cards.

Women, too, were, we may say, winked at where The Honor System was concerned. It was the old Southern code, carried into the 20th century, that a woman who permitted herself to be dishonored by a gentleman was not an honorable woman, ergo, no man could be dishonorable to her.

The irony of Yoovey's long-standing all-male status was that women defined the place by not being present. Most of the fabled drinking and partying was en route, in search. It was called, whatever the direction, "gonn' down the road," and every night a significant portion of The University student body would pile into cars and head off after coeds, to Sweet Briar, Mary Washington, Hollins, Randolph-Macon. The more sophisticated and well-heeled would incline toward Lynchburg and a well-known sporting house there. These journeys weren't measured by conventional mileage but by the number of beers that could be consumed along the way; Hollins, for example, was a long haul, a 12-beer trip. With the admittance of women at Yoovey enrollment has almost doubled, but only half as many students are killed annually in auto accidents.

There is hardly a Virginia alumnus who cannot recall some streak period, when he went down the road 34 nights in a row—or 47 or 52. It was the ultimate in male bonding, men together, being boys, chasing girls—who were kept in their place, which was a six-pack or two away. Dick Fogg, who played on the Wahoo football team that tied the national record, 28 losses in a row, 1958-60, says, "Maybe a lot of guys wouldn't admit this then, but for most of us, gonn' down the road was better than when we got there."

"Women have made a change here in the last decade because they've made the men change," says John Casteen '65, the Dean of Admissions. "The type of boy that used to be so much in evidence here, the one that went down the road every night, was a sort of self-destructive Lord Byron type. And that kind of man just doesn't appeal to smart women now, if indeed he ever really did. All of a sudden that type discovered that he just wasn't fashionable to the opposite sex, and that was the end of him."

It has not been quite so easy to put losing out of fashion

continued



Fiddling with "The Star-Spangled Banner" is a tradition at basketball games

**TO BUILD SOMETHING
YOU'RE PROUD OF, YOU NEED THE RIGHT
WORKBENCH AND TOOLS.**

\$20.0FF

Sears 177 lb. weight set.
A 72 in. bar and
16 interlocking discs.*
Now only \$39.99.

\$20.0FF

Sears single leg lift, chrome-
plated weight bench, 600 lb.
capacity. (User and weights com-
bined.) Five position incline back.
Foam padding. Now only \$49.99.

*Plus two 18 in. dumbbell bars.

SEPTEMBER 7 TO 20 THEY'RE \$20. OFF.

Sears

Where America shops for Value

©Sears, Roebuck and Co., 1990. Available at most larger Sears retail stores. Prices and dates may vary in Alaska and Hawaii.

There's a race of men that don't fit in,
A race that can't stay still:
So they break the hearts of kith and kin,
And they roam the world as will.

Robert Lewis?
The Man That Don't Fit in

A one hundred proof potency that
simmers just below the surface. Yet,
so smooth and flavorful, it's unlike
any Canadian liquor you've ever
tasted. Straight, mixed, or on the
rocks, Yukon Jack is truly a spirit
unto itself.

The Black Sheep of Canadian Liquors.

Yukon Jack
100 Proof Imported Liqueur
made with Blended Canadian Whisky.

BLACK SHEEP IMPORTED AND BOTTLED BY HOFFMAN, INC., ST. LOUIS, MO.
CORN. Sole Agents U.S.A.: © 1987 Dodd, Mead & Co., Inc.

VIRGINIA

continued

at Yooveey. As Bill Millsaps, a Tennessean who is sports editor of the *Richmond Times-Dispatch*, says, "It's always fascinated me to go to a Virginia football game because no matter how badly the team might be going, optimism was remarkably high. But at the same time, expectations were very low. It was the most rational game atmosphere. Virginia athletics have always reminded me of British foreign policy, with a magnificent history of honorable failures."

The Commonwealth's historical ambivalence about where it belonged made it difficult for Yooveey to find a place for itself athletically, too. Its old traditional rival, North Carolina, got tired of smashing the Wahoos and found more practical, emotional competitions with Duke and North Carolina State. Virginia quit the Southern Conference in 1936 largely because subsidized athletics had started in earnest and many other conference schools were giving players phony jobs; Yooveey couldn't do that and remain true to The Honor System. After World War II, as the cotton-South schools emphasized football more and more, buying players, clearly putting victory above honor, The University felt soiled by geographical association.

Then football scandals rocked two sister Virginia schools, William & Mary and Washington & Lee. Shocked, some University alumni wanted to point North, try to join up with the schools that were beginning to formalize the Ivy League. At least initial steps were taken to examine the possibility of starting a Southern Ivy, but in the end, in 1953, Virginia became the last of eight colleges to make up the new Atlantic Coast Conference. The seven other schools were delighted to have The University on board, for Mister Jefferson's school would enhance their image, while Yooveey's athletic death wish would inflate their records.

Sure enough, Yooveey refused to compromise, and it got clobbered more than ever. But if it was noble for The University not to overemphasize athletics, it is apparent now that the school was right for many of the wrong reasons. Nonetheless, in the years in which Virginia institutionalized defeat, it grew academically and in breadth. Maybe this wouldn't have happened if victory on the playing fields had consumed it. But now only the oldest of dodderers rail at poor General

Longstreet anymore. Robert E. Lee is a citizen of the United States of America once again, and women sleep like equals in rooms along The Lawn. It's time to play to win at last. So many colleges in America have gotten into trouble in sports because they were ashamed to lose. The University doesn't have to be ashamed to win anymore.

Virginia's anti-athletic posture was made virtually official in 1952 when a faculty committee issued what was known as The Gooch Report, an analysis that criticized subsidized athletics and obsessional partying, more or less lumping together fun and games as evils to combat. The president at the time, Colgate Darden, a former governor widely recognized as The University's Jefferson for this century, was striving to advance the school academically; he had no time to fool with sports and there was nobody else to stand up as a patron for Yooveey athletics.

In 1953 came a notably disastrous football season (1-8), and by the end of the decade the Wahoos were on their way to the record 28 straight defeats. Things became so disorganized that one time the team was penalized for delay of game for showing up late to its own stadium. Another time the team bus went to the wrong college for a game. Coach followed quickly upon coach. One, to little apparent avail, would quote Tennyson to his charges before games. Others were nearly shattered by the experience. Terry Holland remembers his feeling of watching, with helpless pathos Sonny Randle, the coach in 1974 and 1975, being "destroyed as a person."

When Bestwick was deliberating whether to follow Randle as coach, Joe Paterno, his old friend, said flat out, "There's no way you can succeed there. It's impossible." The Wahoos always had bright players—19 of 22 starters made the Dean's List on one of the winless teams—and a few good ones (Henry Jordan, Jim Bakhtiar, Gary Cuozzo), but they couldn't compete when it came to depth. The euphemistically named "Student Aid Foundation," which hands out privately raised scholarship money to athletes (typical of Virginia that it couldn't face the truth, that it really is the Athletics' Aid Foundation, like it or not) fell \$300,000 in debt, and of the few scholarships it could dish out, fewer still went to quality players, who

continued



"With Audi 4000 engineering, plus \$2,075 of options for \$975,* our new 4000S package is perhaps the most surprising value on the road."



Franz Hunk, Engine Designer

Announcing a special opportunity to buy yourself a very special Audi 4000 sports sedan—loaded with our most important performance-and-luxury options.

The Audi 4000S gives you all the famous engineering features of the Audi 4000, from front-wheel drive to a suspension system that simply devours road shocks. Plus:

- A unique 5-cylinder engine for added performance
- Automatic transmission
- Factory-installed air conditioning
- Power steering
- Sports console
- Tachometer
- And on the trunk lid, the letter S that sums up the whole S package: special performance, plus special equipment, at a special price.

So come test drive the very special Audi 4000S at your Porsche Audi dealer soon.

PORSCHE + AUDI
Nothing even comes close.



*Based on comparison of manufacturers' suggested retail prices.

Wheels shown optional



were often denied entrance because of a stiff foreign-language requirement.

The football team had 15 straight non-winning seasons, one winner, then 10 more non-winners before Bestwick's team went 6-5 this past autumn—an aggregate record so woeful (79-185-3, 299) that, by comparison, the Wahos have absolutely convinced themselves that they have enjoyed a basketball juggernaut over the years. They grow indignant with those who lump basketball and football as a joint disaster. In fact, though, the basketball squad had 16 straight losing seasons through 1970, has a losing record against all ACC opponents and has finished as high as second in conference regular-season play once in 26 years.

Basketball had no heritage in Hookville. It was too sweaty to be a gentleman's game, and it didn't lend itself to tailgate parties. For a long time, the major sport after football was boxing, of all things. A fellow named John LaRue, who ran a pool hall in town, was the prime force behind the sport, and soon the genteel Wahos were a pugilistic power, along with the service academies and the tough coal-belt, snow-belt schools of Penn State, Syracuse and Wisconsin. But Virginia kept its aplomb, even for slugfests; at Memorial Gymnasium it was the custom that not a sound be uttered during the action, so fights were conducted in an atmosphere similar to that prevailing at tennis or golf matches.

When basketball became popular in the Southeast after World War II, it came first to prominence at North Carolina State, a cow college, and then at Chapel Hill with imported Yankees. Yooveeview viewed this development as tackler even than Southern-bought football players and treated the sport with disdain. Until 1966 it kept on playing in the cramped, chicken-wired Memorial Gym, where visiting teams dressed in a corridor, more or less, and when University Hall was built, seating was held to 9,000 because nobody could conceive of more than that many Virginians actually attending a basketball game.

Moreover, The University was slow to enroll black students; Ralph Sampson is really the first blue-chip black athlete to matriculate there. This situation wasn't helped either when, early in the '70s, then basketball Coach Bill Gibson was interviewed by a Carolina broadcaster. After the formal TV interview the announcer said, "How come you don't have any niggers on your team, Bill?" Gibson shot back, "Same reason there aren't any at your TV station." The cameras were still rolling and somehow the whole exchange ended up on the air.

By now boxing had been dropped as an intercollegiate sport, and except for lacrosse (and, yes, polo), there was little to cheer about. But the lacrosse coach, Gene Corrigan (who also had to assist in two other sports and be the full-time Sports Information Director), left to take a job with the ACC. Things were so depressing, Corrigan recalls, that students would boo the cheerleaders. Worse, under an aggressive president, VPI started competing seriously with the Wahos, and some influential alumni, like Fred Pollard, a former lieutenant governor, began to see ominous implications that went far beyond athletics. "Sports are so visible," Pollard says, "that I became concerned that the legislature would start to perceive The University as a whole as a loser and shift appropriations to Tech." In a real sense,

it seems, colleges simply can't afford to lose anymore.

In Hookville, all hope faded, and it was the rare top Virginia athlete who would even consider The University. Everybody threw up his hands and said it was all because of the language requirement. That was a made-to-order Longstreet that, Corrigan says, everybody could "cling to." No one in Virginia liked to recall that another reason Lee had to depend on Longstreet was that Stonewall Jackson's own men (some North Carolinians) had shot him by mistake. So it was, by now, that other colleges were not beating Yooveeview; it was gunning itself down.

Corrigan returned as athletic director in 1971, but things grew so bad that for a while he seriously wondered whether it might be best to abandon intercollegiate athletics. That might well have come to pass had not basketball become popular in 1971 with the arrival of a high-scoring guard from State College, Pa. named Barry Parkhill. Other good players followed, and in Holland's second season, 1976, the Wahos actually won the ACC tournament. Encouraged by that and by Bestwick's arrival in football later in '76, Corrigan went to The University president, Frank Herford, with a proposal. Eventually, Corrigan said, if we're going to keep on fielding teams, mightn't we also try to win?

Herford (who plays tennis with Corrigan) agreed that this radical concept had some merit to it. "Our failure to achieve a more successful athletic program is a failure on the part of the entire University," he wrote to his top staff. And to Corrigan, "I remain confident—and determined—that we need not choose between excellence in academic programs and excellence in athletics. We can and must aspire to both."

Among other decisions, it was agreed to increase athletic expenditures from \$2.7 million to \$4.4 million by 1983-84. If a recruited athlete's scholastic record indicated he could graduate in four years, he could be accepted; accommodations were made for the language requirement; academic advisers would be hired to tutor athletes.

Buoyed by these developments and grateful for the small favors provided by the basketball team, the Virginia Student Aid Foundation now raises \$1.2 million a year. The Wahoo students are beside themselves. They actually have a pep band, and not only do they not boo at cheerleaders, but they have become so vociferous, and so vulgar as well, that Corrigan had to strike a devil's deal with them. Now the students shout out code numbers that refer to dirty words. There is even the expectation of victory in the air. Last school year was the first since 1948-49 in which both football and basketball teams had winning records.

The two men directly responsible are Holland and Bestwick, and few men so dissimilar ever co-existed. As Corrigan's field generals, Holland is the dour, ascetic Stonewall Jackson figure, while Bestwick is the dashing cavalryman, Jeb Stuart, who sallied forth on his rands wearing a silk sash and ostrich plumes. Jackson was a philosophy professor, revealed as a tactical genius only when the battle clarion sounded. Holland, a grave, gray-flecked, 6'7" 37-year-old, is the same sort of precise personality, invariably referred to (and not unkindly) as "distant." At Davidson, where, playing basketball for the flamboyant

continued

**Maybe the biggest thing
in Wellsboro's history will be
something no thicker than
a human hair.**



You could easily mistake Wellsboro, Pennsylvania for other small American towns.

But last year, Wellsboro (population 4,003) made history.

It became the first town in America to put a commercial optical fiber telephone system into everyday use.

We should explain that optical fibers are threads of ultra-pure glass as thin as a human hair.

And over them, telephone signals can be transmitted by laser light.

What's so great about optical fibers?

Well, if you wind them into a cable, you have a miracle telephone line.

Which can carry far more telephone traffic than conventional copper lines.

And these lines, which cost less than copper, aren't subject to noise interference from nearby power lines, as copper lines are.

It was an ITT scientist who first made optical fibers practical.

And ITT people, working with the Rural Electrification Administration and Commonwealth Telephone, brought fiber optics to Wellsboro.

Mind you, Wellsboro may still not loom as large in history as that other Pennsylvania town, Gettysburg.

But for Wellsboro (and America) it's quite a first.

**The best ideas are the
ideas that help people. ITT**

VIRGINIA

continued

Lefty Driesell, he led the nation in field-goal percentage. Holland never intended to apply his analytical abilities to coaching. It has been 15 years since he became Driesell's graduate assistant for one season, but he says, "I still look at coaching every year on a one-year basis."

By contrast, Bestwick, a stocky strawberry blond with flashing teeth, lights up every room he enters. He is a leader first, then an instructor, and like Jeb Stuart, who knew no life but that of the cavalry brigade, Bestwick was only 10 when he decided that he was going to be a coach. He is a factory worker's son, but he has coached at several academically demanding schools, and he is comfortable at The University. Bestwick is a man who never got a chance at a head job till he was in his 40s. He left after two days because he could see that he and that college would not be compatible. He had the inside track to be head coach at Georgia Tech, where he was an assistant for nine years, until some powerful alumni brought in Pepper Rodgers, a name. And now, when he finally does get a chance, it's at the worst football college in America. "The trouble with this country is that there is a tendency now to accept any standard of behavior so long as it gets results—in sports or anything," he says. "I don't want to work anywhere where that thinking applies. This is a fine school, honestly run, with lots of excellent young people and some good players. That's all I wanted."

Of course, The University still remains schizophrenic, torn by the past traditions and the modern imperatives, as is the state itself. Very soon now, Virginia Beach, which had barely 8,000 residents in 1960, will be the largest city in the Commonwealth. Mike Todd's widow is the junior Senator's wife. Schoolchildren know their bumper stickers—VIRGINIA IS FOR LOVERS—better than their history. Charlottesville, like much of The Commonwealth, leans toward Washington and finds its identity there. Who ever would have imagined that the Confederacy would finally go away, not with a whimper or a bang, but merely as a commuter?

But some things are immutable. Last fall, in order to dramatize a protest, some students stole a bust of the founder. When they were collared, one instigator was quick to explain. "We weren't assaulting Mister Jefferson. We love him." And the beauty of his place remains surpassing. In 1976, the American Institute of Architects polled experts and found Mister Jefferson's Grounds worthy of more acclaim than any other design in the nation's history. The Rotunda has survived fire. The Lawn, toaster-ovens; Mister Jefferson, his love life. The Sevens still exists, somewhere out there. The fraternities still thrive along Rugby Road, and so does Easter.

A coat and tie remained de rigueur for students' everyday wear well into the '60s, and even now a visitor will be surprised by a style and neatness long gone from other campuses. Margaret Groos, from Tennessee, The University's second female scholarship athlete and the reigning AAU women's cross-country champion, says, "Conformity is still strong at The University. Many kids wear a 'uniform' all the time—boys in khakis with a pull-over sweater over a button-down or an alligator shirt. The

girls wear plaid skirts and ponytails and ribbons. Hot pink and lime green are the colors now." Next time, Mister Jefferson will be in the columns with Sandra Dee.

But it isn't only a style that lingers. Mike Owens, last year's basketball co-captain, a handsome black who plans to study medicine, says, "No matter what anybody claims, there are a lot of Southern traditions still clinging to the University of Virginia. Whenever there's any doubt, somebody is still going to throw a big party. So there is still that type, but it was good for me because I learned to enjoy being able to deal with people who inherently don't like me. That's a part of the education I got here, too."

The fact is that the time may be ripe for athletics at Yooveey, and at places like it where sports are kept in some perspective—midway, say, between the quality of the cafeteria food and provisions for places where students and faculty can park their automobiles. The corruption at other places can only benefit a school like The University. It is true that Yooveey has never gone to a bowl and never won an NCAA playoff game, but for recruits the more significant statistics are that 67% of all Yooveey students graduate in four years, almost 75% in five, which is above the national average—and the figures are virtually identical for Wahoo athletes. Yes, losing isn't everything. And good Lord, after all those years of world-class practice, can you imagine The Victory Party they could throw at The University?

Virginia had been defiled but, who cared? ... A few sang songs, others kept on drinking, and those who fell were not left to die there, but were carried away between two friends, in the spirit of brotherhood. At the fraternity houses the colored men had built great fires and here the boys stood noisily discussing the game, while ... a girl with an unattractive pale face and large breasts was being led sobbing, complaining of insults and Virginia gentlemen, so-called. ... All of a sudden the door opened. A gust of cold wind entered, and Peyton and Dick Carwright, flanked by two moon-faced boys who began to brandish whiskey bottles.

"We come from old Virgin-i-a," they sang, "where all is bright and gay."

The crowd turned, a cheer went up, and the two boys, their arms around Peyton and Dick, led a brassy encore: "Are you ready? Get set!"

*Wha-hoo-wah,
Wha-hoo-wah,
Uni-r, Virginia,
Hoo, rah, rah!
Hoo, rah, rah!
Ray! Ray!
U. V-a.*

—WILLIAM STYRON
Lie Down in Darkness

In an ironic way, it is the athletes here today who most resemble the ideal of the old-time Wahoos. Those men came here to learn how to be responsible, to be role models, so they could leave as gentry, as leaders of The Commonwealth. The athletes may come only as that, as athletes, but by the time they leave, they have learned to respond in many ways to this beautiful place. And that's what the liberal arts are all about.

—PROFESSOR ALAN WILLIAMS
Faculty Chairman of Athletics

*What's the right wine to end a good day,
and begin a great evening?*



Almadén.

Carefully pampered grapes make it right. The difference between an average wine and a superior wine is the amount of care it receives. Under the attentive eye of our wine-master, Almadén's grapes are nurtured with the single-mindedness of purpose they require to reach the absolute peak of their potential. When you taste our fine wines you will appreciate the extra care we give to our grapes.



Almadén makes it right.

800-

CALL THIS TOLL-FREE NUMBER

621-

IT'S THE QUICKEST, EASIEST WAY TO...

8200

In Illinois call 800-972-8302

- RENEW your own SPORTS ILLUSTRATED subscription.
- ORDER a new subscription.
- GIVE a SPORTS ILLUSTRATED subscription to a deserving sports fan.

In SPORTS ILLUSTRATED you'll get all the action, color and excitement of your favorite sports. Every week. All year round.

Football, hockey, baseball, basketball, Tennis, golf, boxing, sailing, running. SI's got them all covered. With vivid full-color photography and dynamic writing that give you an insider's insight into the crucial plays, the surprise moves, the winning strategies.

So call SI's special toll-free number today, or write to: SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, 541 North Fairbanks Court, Chicago, Illinois 60611. We'll be happy to bill you later.

Sports Illustrated

IN A LEAGUE BY ITSELF



**Business Products
& Services**



a special free service for Sports Illustrated readers

The advertisers listed on the page facing this column would like to send you information about their products and services. Check the box beside any advertiser which interests you, fill in the information on the card and send it to us. No stamp needed.

Sports Illustrated will forward only fully completed requests from qualified respondents. There is no charge for this service.



**Consumer Products
& Services**



A Sports Illustrated 9/15/80 **BUSINESS PRODUCTS & SERVICES**

Please furnish me information from the companies I have checked below. There is no charge for this information. Offer expires 11/14.

- ☐ 1. **CANON USA**—Send for Free Literature on Canon's Palmprinter Calculator
- ☐ 2. **DATA GENERAL CORP.**—Complete Systems for Business and Industry
- ☐ 3. **MARRIOTT HOTELS**—1980 Directory Listing Worldwide Locations where Marriott does it Right
- ☐ 4. **OLIVETTI CORPORATION**—Electronic Typewriters, Word Processing Systems, Mini-Computers, and On-Line Terminals
- ☐ 5. **SAVIN CORPORATION**—Plain Paper Copiers

Name _____

Title: (a) ☐ Pres., Owner, Partner, Director (b) ☐ Other Company Officer (Vice Pres., Treasurer, etc.) (c) ☐ Manager, Dept. Head, Supervisor (d) ☐ Professional (M.D., Lawyer, Engineer, etc.) (e) ☐ Sales (f) ☐ Teacher (g) ☐ Other (Please specify) _____

Number of Employees: (i) ☐ 99 or less
(a) ☐ 100 to 499 (i) ☐ 500 or more

Company _____

Address _____

City _____

State/Province _____ Zip _____

Canadian Residents: Mail form in envelope.

2

B Sports Illustrated 9/15/80 **CONSUMER PRODUCTS & SERVICES**

Please furnish me information from the companies I have checked below. There is no charge for this information. Offer expires 11/14.

- ☐ 1. **ACME BOOT COMPANY**—Acme's Making the Great Western Boots
- ☐ 2. **AMARETTO di SARONNO**—Free Food and Drink Recipe Booklets
- ☐ 3. **BAHAMAS MINISTRY OF TOURISM**—It's Better in The Bahamas
- ☐ 4. **CANON CAMERAS**—Three Full Color Brochures covering Canon 35 MM Cameras and Accessories
- ☐ 5. **DISCOVER**—The Newsmagazine of Science... NEW!! FROM TIME INC. To subscribe now, call toll free 800 621-8200 (In Illinois, 800 972-8023)
- ☐ 6. **HOLIDAY INN**—Caribbean Vacations
- ☐ 7. **LUTHERAN MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY**—Brochure on Capital Need Analysis
- ☐ 8. **MINOLTA CORP PHOTOGRAPHIC DIVISION**—Send for XG-1 35 MM Camera Booklet
- ☐ 9. **ROLEX WATCH**—Write for Brochure
- ☐ 10. **SEAGRAM'S SEVEN CROWNS**—Free Brochure covering the Seagram's Seven Crowns of Sports Award, and how it is computed for Baseball, Football, Basketball, Hockey, Tennis, Golf and Horseracing
- ☐ 11. **TDK ELECTRONICS CORPORATION**—Send for Full Color Video Cassette Tape Booklet
- ☐ 12. **WEATHER Tamer**—Boys Outerwear

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State/Province _____ Zip _____

Canadian Residents: Mail form in envelope.

2

A Sports Illustrated 9/15/80 **BUSINESS PRODUCTS & SERVICES**

Please furnish me information from the companies I have checked below. There is no charge for this information. Offer expires 11/14.

- ☐ 1. **CANON USA**—Send for Free Literature on Canon's Palmprinter Calculator
- ☐ 2. **DATA GENERAL CORP.**—Complete Systems for Business and Industry
- ☐ 3. **MARRIOTT HOTELS**—1980 Directory Listing Worldwide Locations where Marriott does it Right
- ☐ 4. **OLIVETTI CORPORATION**—Electronic Typewriters, Word Processing Systems, Mini-Computers, and On-Line Terminals
- ☐ 5. **SAVIN CORPORATION**—Plain Paper Copiers

Name _____

Title: (a) ☐ Pres., Owner, Partner, Director (b) ☐ Other Company Officer (Vice Pres., Treasurer, etc.) (c) ☐ Manager, Dept. Head, Supervisor (d) ☐ Professional (M.D., Lawyer, Engineer, etc.) (e) ☐ Sales (f) ☐ Teacher (g) ☐ Other (Please specify) _____

Number of Employees: (i) ☐ 99 or less
(a) ☐ 100 to 499 (i) ☐ 500 or more

Company _____

Address _____

City _____

State/Province _____ Zip _____

Canadian Residents: Mail form in envelope.

1

B Sports Illustrated 9/15/80 **CONSUMER PRODUCTS & SERVICES**

Please furnish me information from the companies I have checked below. There is no charge for this information. Offer expires 11/14.

- ☐ 1. **ACME BOOT COMPANY**—Acme's Making the Great Western Boots
- ☐ 2. **AMARETTO di SARONNO**—Free Food and Drink Recipe Booklets
- ☐ 3. **BAHAMAS MINISTRY OF TOURISM**—It's Better in The Bahamas
- ☐ 4. **CANON CAMERAS**—Three Full Color Brochures covering Canon 35 MM Cameras and Accessories
- ☐ 5. **DISCOVER**—The Newsmagazine of Science... NEW!! FROM TIME INC. To subscribe now, call toll free 800 621-8200 (In Illinois, 800 972-8023)
- ☐ 6. **HOLIDAY INN**—Caribbean Vacations
- ☐ 7. **LUTHERAN MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY**—Brochure on Capital Need Analysis
- ☐ 8. **MINOLTA CORP PHOTOGRAPHIC DIVISION**—Send for XG-1 35 MM Camera Booklet
- ☐ 9. **ROLEX WATCH**—Write for Brochure
- ☐ 10. **SEAGRAM'S SEVEN CROWNS**—Free Brochure covering the Seagram's Seven Crowns of Sports Award, and how it is computed for Baseball, Football, Basketball, Hockey, Tennis, Golf and Horseracing
- ☐ 11. **TDK ELECTRONICS CORPORATION**—Send for Full Color Video Cassette Tape Booklet
- ☐ 12. **WEATHER Tamer**—Boys Outerwear

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State/Province _____ Zip _____

Canadian Residents: Mail form in envelope.

1

**BUSINESS REPLY CARD**

FIRST CLASS PERMIT NO 27346 PHILADELPHIA, PA

NO POSTAGE
NECESSARY
IF MAILED
IN THE
UNITED STATES

Postage will be paid by addressee

Sports Illustrated

P.O. BOX 8548

PHILADELPHIA, PA 19101

**BUSINESS REPLY CARD**

FIRST CLASS PERMIT NO 27346 PHILADELPHIA, PA

NO POSTAGE
NECESSARY
IF MAILED
IN THE
UNITED STATES

Postage will be paid by addressee

Sports Illustrated

P.O. BOX 8548

PHILADELPHIA, PA 19101

**BUSINESS REPLY CARD**

FIRST CLASS PERMIT NO 27346 PHILADELPHIA, PA

NO POSTAGE
NECESSARY
IF MAILED
IN THE
UNITED STATES

Postage will be paid by addressee

Sports Illustrated

P.O. BOX 8548

PHILADELPHIA, PA 19101

**BUSINESS REPLY CARD**

FIRST CLASS PERMIT NO 27346 PHILADELPHIA, PA

NO POSTAGE
NECESSARY
IF MAILED
IN THE
UNITED STATES

Postage will be paid by addressee

Sports Illustrated

P.O. BOX 8548

PHILADELPHIA, PA 19101



FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Sept. 1-7

Compiled by BOY S. JOHNSON

PRO FOOTBALL In the opening week of the NFL season Sunday San Francisco needed a 31-yard drive culminating in a 27-yard yardstick field goal in the last four minutes to defeat the Washington Redskins. The game was tied 10-10 after Washington's drive through the third period gave them just required a last-and-one kick to edge the Falcons. 26-23. Vikes quarterback Tommy Kron completed his first pass in the fourth quarter as the team came off the loss of Dick Dinsonner from 27 yards out. New England showed none of its previous defensive shortcomings in beating Cleveland Browns 28-10. The Patriots' defense held Cleveland just twice in the first three quarters. The Buffalo Bills ended a decade of frustration for the Bills, holding Miami to seven points, while Buffalo's wide receiver drove in the final minutes to gain a 17-7 win. The Bills' first against the Dolphins since November 1969. In fact, Buffalo had assumed an NFL record 30 straight losses before the victory over the Dolphins. Tampa Bay's 17-12 win over Cincinnati Bengals put Peter M. Iralia fumbled a snap from center on his own goal line to set up the winning TD punt on the final play.

The Giants got live TD passes from Phil Simms including a clutch-fired one to Earnest Grier for a 41-24 win over the Jets. The Jets were able to score and Steve Mike Myers closed a 17-16 win with three pointer midway through the first period. Detroit's 27-10 win over the Minnesota Vikings leveled up to its billing by scoring three touchdowns and setting up a fourth with a 56-yard reception at the Lions open the Rams 41-20. And Oakland Quarterback Brock Huard made a career-high 100-yard run, got the better end of the trade involving him and Kenny Stabler by picking up the Raiders. City defense for 117 yards and ran TDs in a 17-14 Raider win over the Los Angeles Rams. Chicago Bears' 24-10 victory over whipped Seattle 17-13. Green Bay beat Chicago 17-6 June 5th and, as Franco Harris became the league's first all-time leading runner with 34 yards

CRUISE—BETH DANIEL fired a six under par 282 to head

WAYNE LEVI defeated Cal Morgan on the 4th hole of a sudden-death playoff to win the \$300,000 Jimmy Fund Classic in Saugus, Mass. after the pair battled 72 holes with 11 under par 73s.

HARNESS RACING—NIATROSS, driven by Clint Gellbreath, set a record for the mile point on a half-mile course when he was clocked at 1:55 while winning the \$50,000 Basara Downs Colt & Filly Suiet by six lengths over Justin Pansang. His time was two-fifths of a second faster than the mark established by Falcon Almahmoud in 1978.

HORSE RACING—WINTER TALE (\$4,000) ridden by Jeffrey Teal, deflected Lohrman's Song by 4½ lengths to win the \$100,000 Marlboro Cup at Belmont. The 4-year-old gelding covered the 1 1/4 miles in 1:47.

[illegible]

vided goals to make it 2-1. A shootout score by Peter Dinkley caused the series for the Thrillers. In the next game, Terrell O'Quinn scored both goals for the Senators, who now must face the San Diego team that eliminated Chicago in the first playoff round and ASL East champion Tampa Bay last week. The Senators scored three straight goals on the way to a 6-1 victory. Nico Rotenstein, who had only two goals during the regular season, and Sean Wilentz each had a pair of scores in the victory. Tampa Bay moved to within the rematch 0-0 that the Senators previously led 2-1 in the first game.

ASU. Both of the week's games went into overtime. California's Keith Wynn moved on a 3-point shot and in the 19th minute for a 3-1 Sunlighter win over New Mexico. A day later, however, California lost to Washington, 79-67. The Sunlighters were down 54-40 at halftime and broke a 2-0 lead with only five minutes to go in overtime. Nonetheless, California makes American Conference champion San Francisco in a two-game playoff series this week. The winner to advance to the league final against either New York or Philadelphia will never win the National Conference playoff.

TEENIE JOHN McNEIDE defeated Barni Hong 7-6 (6-2), 7-5, 6-4 to win the singles title at the U.S. Open. CHRIS EVERT (1974 Wimbledon champion) defeated STAN SMITH 6-3, 6-1 for his fifth women's singles championship. STAN SMITH and BO LUTZ defeated unseeded Peter Fleming and John McNeide 6-3, 6-3 for the men's doubles title while BILLIE JEAN KING and MARTINA NAVRATILOVA beat Pam Shriver and Betty Stove 6-1 to win the women's doubles title 7-5. In the mixed doubles, bob WYNNE TURNBULL and MARTY HENSEN beat Betty Stove and John McNeide 7-6, 6-2 for the title.

WRESTONES--RESIGNED As manager of the Midwestern Brewers **GEORGE HAMBLER**, 55, whose three-year record of 261-201 makes him the most successful skipper in the franchise's 12-season history, Third Base Coach **BOMBLUCK RODGERS**, 42, who guided the Brewers in the early part of this season after Hamblert had suffered a mild heart attack in spring training, was named as successor.

CRIP CITY

8—Eric Schweikardt 18, 37—Walter Isaac Jr. 18—
 Nancy McRae Hoop 19—Walter Isaac Jr. 19-21—Walter
 Isaac Jr. 22—Lynn Stewart 22—Ronald C. Moody
 23—Ronald C. Moody 26—Walter Isaac Jr. 26,28—
 Ronald C. Moody 44—Jerry Cooke 46, 47—Lynn
 Stewart 46,47—Jerry Cooke 47—Lynn Stewart
 47—Mike Maple 49—Lynn Stewart 49—Bobby Cab
 50—Josephine News 50—Robert P. George 50—News 50
 51—52

FACES IN THE CROWD

CARLA BRUNGARD
Sally R. Anderson

Brundage, 22, won the women's 410 bore and overall titles for the second straight year in the world skeet-shooting championships in Sovamnah. Her total score of 544 (out of 550) was one fewer than the women's world record.



TOM GAUGHTE
Brewer, Inc.

Doraghy, 28, an accountant, won two gold medals at the U.S. Cycling Federation nationals. He won the solo 25-mile event in 52:25.9, 2:22.4 faster than the American record. He was also on a four-man team that won the 100-km race.



GEORGE HECHTER
Evanston, Ill.

Hochy set two American teen-age records in winning the super-heavyweight title at the teen-age powerlifting nationals in Erie, Pa. He set marks for the squat (654½ pounds), total pounds (1,727) and lifted the bench press record (440).

MARIANNE WERDEL
Bismarck City

Marianne, a seventh-grader at Carden School, beat Elizabeth Levinson 7-6, 6-4 to win the USTA National Girls' 12 tennis title in West Palm Beach, Fla. She also holds the '79 indoor and '80 hard court USTA 12 titles.



DERON BURG
Creative Director

Deron, 12, who was moved from Macon, Ga., led the Orioles to that city's Vase League American Little League title with a 9-1 pitching record. He also threw a perfect game in an all-star tournament. He struck out 161 in 161 innings.



CHRIS HILL
 The Book 1 of 1

Chris, a ninth-grader at Castillejo Junior High, won seven events—the 50-, 100-, 200- and 400-meter freestyle, the 200 and 400 individual medley and the 200 butterfly—at the Far Western swimming championships in San Jose.

Edited by GAY FLOOD

ON TOP

Sir,
I applaud Joe Marshall, Mike DelNagro and Brooks Clark for their fine work on the College Football Issue (Sept. 1). I wouldn't have picked the Top 20 any differently—except for Ohio State, which I would have ranked No. 1 over Pitt, instead of No. 2.

BARRY FABIAN
Worthington, Ohio

Sir,
The Ohio State Buckeyes will march to the Big Ten title, a Rose Bowl victory and the national championship this year. And probably next year, too.

PHILIP A. GIBBS
Hillsboro, Ohio

Sir,
All I can say is Roll, Tide, Roll! Three in a row for Bam!

MICHAEL GANN
Hamilton, Ala.

Sir,
When Jan. 1 rolls around you'll forget Pitt and the rest because Nebraska'll be the best!

ED THIEL
Omaha

Sir,
Oklahoma, the team of the '70s, will also be the team of the '80s.

KEVIN KORPMANN
Melrose, Minn.

Sir,
There is a popular bumper sticker in South Bend that says: GOD MADE NOBIE DAME NO. 1. I think most people would go along with Him.

JIM KLIMB
South Bend

AT MIZZOU

Sir,
Thanks for the wonderful and long-overdue article on Missouri football (*Hold That Tiger—Big Game at Mizzou!* Sept. 1). Something not readily apparent from the story is the far-reaching effect of a big game like Mizzou-Oklahoma. Here in Florida, the Tampa-Lakeland-Orlando chapters of the Missouri alumni association gather in Plant City each year to listen to the game over a local radio station. Similarly, other Mizzou alumni from coast to coast tune in to broadcasts, have them "piped in" by telephone or just stay glued in their radios for scores.

Today people rarely become involved with something bigger than themselves. Loyalty to an institution, fostered in large part by college football, is a value lost to most of society. It would be unfortunate if college football were nipped and legged to death, although it

is currently walking a tightrope between big business and integrity and self-restraint. Thank goodness many fine schools like Missouri have long had balanced programs.

ARTHUR W. SMITH
Lakeland, Fla.

Sir,
Thank you for pointing out that you don't have to be the winningest team to be the most spirited.

JAMES H. VORWALD
Floissant, Mo.

Sir,
I was mildly surprised to find that the Missouri fans consider Oklahoma their big game. Having been an undergraduate at OU and still being a diehard Sooners fan, I have witnessed or heard of no greater rivalry in the nation than the Sooners' annual meeting with the Texas Longhorns in the Cotton Bowl.

It is a tribute to the richness of Oklahoma's glorious tradition and the quality of its recent teams that many Sooners opponents, including Texas, Nebraska, Oklahoma State and Missouri, look upon their clash with OU as their big game. It also makes me respect Coach Barry Switzer all the more for keeping his squads mentally and physically prepared to play the big game week after week.

LARRY M. MARLIN, M.D.
Phoenix

SEEING GREEN

Sir,
How refreshing to pick up ST's College Football Issue and discover that it features not a running back, but a defensive end, the incomparable Hugh Green (*Green Light for the Panthers*, Sept. 1). The story is superb and the cover a masterpiece.

In the final paragraph, however, Green states that the 1980 Pitt team is better than the 1976 national championship team and that all the '76 squad had going for it was Tony Durret. He is wrong. Among other outstanding players on that team was Quarterback Matt Cavanaugh, who was voted MVP in the "championship" Sugar Bowl game and next year was named an All-America.

DON METZ
Mount Pleasant, Pa.

Sir,
Congratulations on a superb cover of Hugh Green with the black panther in the background. Green is a phenomenon. I know. I saw him last season against Penn State.

BOB CERU
Williamport, Pa.

Sir,
In a year when South Carolina, a school that isn't a prominent football power, has by

far the best running back in college football, George Rogers, you wrote about the top defensive end, the top noseguard and the top safety, all of whom are from big-time schools: Pitt, Florida State, UCLA, respectively. Don't the unknown schools ever get a chance?

ED SANDS
Aiken, S.C.

TWO-WAY JUNK

Sir,
In your one-paragraph analysis of the Ivy League, you mention that Yale has a "junk" on Dartmouth and that the Big Green has scored only 13 points against the Elis in their last three meetings. You fail to say that in those same three meetings, two of which Dartmouth has won, Yale has scored a total of only six points against the always-stringy Green defense. Who has the junk on whom?

PETER L. WELSH
Bloomington, Minn.

MORE BY GEORGE

Sir,
While Ron Fimrele's recent articles (*Big George, He's Some Fitter!* Aug. 11) and *Bret May Do It Yet* (Sept. 1), have listed George Brett's main statistics, an additional one—my favorite for stamping trivia buffs—would have further emphasized Brett's hitting ability. In 1979 he hit 20 or more doubles, triples and home runs, a feat last accomplished by an American Leaguer around 1940. If my memory serves, it was Joe Vismak, an outfielder for the Cleveland Indians, who did it then. In the National League, I believe Willie Mays was the last to do it, 20 years ago.

HERB BERNHARDT
Kenmore, N.Y.

• Vismak never did it, but Jeff Heath, another Cleveland outfielder, did, in 1941. Mays performed the feat in 1957.—ED

MORE FROM K.C.

Sir,
Your four great articles in the Sept. 1 issue on Missouri heroes—George Brett, the Kansas City Royals; Tom Watson and the University of Missouri football Tigers—made our Mid-American hearts very happy! We Kansas Citizens expect to provide you with even more opportunities for articles on our local talent. Our Kansas City Chiefs and Kansas City Kings anticipate great seasons, too.

DICK BIRKLEY
Mayor
Kansas City, Mo.

Address editorial mail to SPURDUS ILLUMINATED Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, New York 10020.

"There's oil to burn trapped in shale. Texaco's working to get it out for you."

—Bob Hope

"There could be as much as 150 years' supply of oil right here in this country—locked away in oil shale. Texaco's experimenting with a new way to unlock it." Texaco, working with other companies, is using radio wave technology to heat the shale in a

way that forces the oil out of the stone.

The process may take years to perfect, but with so much potential oil at stake—all right here in the United States—anything we can try is worth the effort.

When it comes to finding you new sources of energy, Texaco won't leave a stone unturned.



We're working to keep your trust.





Chosen #1 in

**People
Pleasin'**SM

"Advantage"...You!

Holiday Inn[®] Sports Hotels[™]
can make your next business trip a pleasure.



When you're traveling on business, plan on enjoying yourself, at one of our hundreds of People PleasinSM Sports Hotels. Hundreds offer tennis. Hundreds offer golf. And hundreds have both. Still others offer you the advantage of exciting winter sports, including skiing and snowmobiling.

Of course, every Holiday Inn hotel offers you our world-famous "no surprise"SM standards. Standards to make you feel like a winner—no matter how you play.

These are some of the reasons why we please more travelers than anybody else.

So, next time you travel, give yourself the "advantage." Let us be #1 in pleasing you.



Holiday
Inn



Superb picture and more. A PRP Circuit for 25% more sharpness.

We're moving television into the future. With more sharpness. More detail. More color picture resolution. Our new PRP (Peak Resolution Picture)



Circuit gives you all the picture resolution a station is capable of transmitting.



Up to 330 lines of picture resolution. Zenith System 3. For superb picture. Dependability. And more. Now 25% more picture sharpness*. More picture detail.

*70 more lines of resolution than previous Zenith models. The PRP Circuit is available on 19" and 25" diagonal System 3 models.

Shown: The Panorama 300 model SA2540X. 100% grayscale styling with smooth, curved silver color trim. Simulated grained rosewood top and ends. Simulated T.V. picture.

ZENITH
SYSTEM 3

The quality goes in before the name goes on®